The Observer and Gazette.

OBSERVER ESTABLISHED 1825.
GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1873.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1886.

NEW SERIES: VOL. I.—NO. 30.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

Office: 17 and 19 Green Street, next to Overbaugh House.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY.....MAY 6, 1886.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year (in advance).....$2 00
Six months (in advance).....1 00
☞ No name entered without payment, and no paper sent after expiration of time paid for.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Reasonable, and terms made known on application at the office.

Whip-Poor-Will.

The ... sinking to his rest
Behi... brown hill's distant crest;
The ... scandeps toward the sea,
The weary bees drone drowsily;
When, swiftly as the falling star,
A clear voice soundeth from afar—
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

A field, with harvest sheaves agleam,
Tall willows drooping to the stream;
A farm-house with its mossy sheds,
A garden from whose spicy beds
A fragrant perfume rising, floats,
And mingles with those mournful notes—
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

The cloud-ships in the western sky
With close-reefed sails at anchor lie,
Upon a sea whose tints of gold
And purple hue lie fold on fold;
And with the dew-drop's gentle fall
There echoes still that plaintive call—
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

One pale star trembles in the east,
A long guest at a gorgeous feast,
Whose brilliant colors slowly fade,
As drops the night-time's sombre shade;
And clear and soft the distance lends
The voice that with the twilight blends—
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

All through the darkness and the dew,
Until the day begins anew,
The katydids and night-jays lone
Will sing their dreary monotone;
But only through the dusky trail
Of evening comes that tender wail—
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

—*Effie M. Lane.*

Leonainie.

Leonainie, angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars, and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In a solemn night;

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as joy caressed me,
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper:
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled, and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its rare gleam;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

—*Attributed to Edgar A. Poe.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Different Themes from Different Fields.

Two men were hanged in Washington, D. C., April 30.

Baron Headly, of London, has been declared bankrupt.

A fire in San Francisco on the 30th ult. occasioned a loss of $750,000.

The new Chinese minister was formally presented to the President last Thursday.

The public debt reduction in April was about $11,500,000; there were $2,000 paid in pensions.

The movement in Pennsylvania for the eight hour system is very general, and extensive strikes are threatened.

At Charlottesville, Va., the election passed off quietly; the district gave several hundred majority in favor of liquor license.

James Walker, colored, was hanged at St. Augustine, Fla., last Friday, for the murder of Charles Harper in November last.

Rev. Geo. W. Anderson, of the M. E. Church, South, died at Winchester, Va., on Friday, 30th ult., in the 79th year of his age.

The Duke of Hamilton's bay filly, Miss Jummy, won the stake of 1,000 guineas on the Newmarket race-course, London, last week.

Various trades in Chicago are demanding a reduction of a day's work to eight hours, without a reduction of wages. So far, employers decline to yield.

Five men, charged with inciting riot in connection with the Third Avenue Railroad strike in New York last Thursday, were arrested and bound over for trial.

The Senate Committee on Commerce has voted to make a favorable report on the New Atlantic & Pacific Ship Railway bill as a substitute for the original bill.

Merudy Jones, a notorious negro, was killed by a mob near Auburn, Ky., on the night of the 27th ult., for entering the room of two respectable young ladies and trying to chloroform them.

Herr Most, the New York Anarchist leader and publisher of the *Freiheit*, the notorious Socialistic organ, is stated to be in hiding in order to avoid arrest for the utterance of incendiary language.

Walkinson's Mills, at Beeston, Nottinghamshire, Eng., with many adjoining houses, have been destroyed by fire, with a loss of £150,000. One thousand persons are deprived of employment by the burning of the mills.

Guiseppe Scoma, an Italian convicted on the 30th ult. of the murder of Antonio Ricco, at Jones's Quarry, near New York city, and sentenced to be executed June 4, committed suicide in his cell a few hours after his sentence was pronounced.

Speaker Carlisle and Representatives Lewis Beach, S. J. Randall and A. S. Hewitt were examined by the Telephone Investigating Committee last Friday, and all testified to having been offered Pan-Electric stock and to having declined it.

John Hale Sypher, a lawyer and an ex-member of Congress from New Orleans, was examined last Thursday by the Telephone Investigating Committee regarding the article furnished by himself to Prof. Bell. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, was also examined at great length. Their testimony was to the effect that they were not actuated by a desire to help the Bell Company. T. C. Crowen, Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, testified that he had obtained the original history of the case from E. N. ... and paid him $60 for it.

THE POKE STALK.

THE STRANGE STORY OF LEWIS AND GOODALL.

A Wife's Ingenuity and Devotion Rewarded.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Strolling about Gallatin, Ills., to-day I found myself at the gate of the cemetery. At the suggestion of a friend who was with me we entered. In meandering around my friend pointed out the grave of Charles Lewis, better known as "Pete" Lewis. Said he: "At the head of this grave comes up every year a large poke stalk." Thinking there was nothing strange that such a thing should happen, I remarked: "Well, what of it?" "Now," said he, "I am not superstitious, but this is rather a remarkable coincidence, as you will learn when I tell you that Mr. Lewis once killed a man about a poke stalk." Continuing his story, he said:

"In 1844, now forty-two years ago, during the great political canvass between the Whig and Democratic parties, Isaac Goodall, of Smith county, came to Gallatin and was the guest and intimate friend of Mr. Lewis. During the day Lewis and Goodall were playing the violin together (both were good performers) and indulged freely in drinks, looking upon the wine that maketh glad the hearts of men. In the evening they were down town and were returning arm in arm, singing one of their favorite songs. Coming up the street to the hotel kept by Lewis, they found standing on the street an ox wagon loaded with crockery ware, with a large poke stalk standing in the wagon. Lewis was a Democrat, and the poke stalk being emblematic of his faith in the Democratic party, championed then by James K. Polk, Mr. Lewis invited the owner of the wagon to take a drink to the success of the Democratic party. Goodall was a strong Whig, and remarked that if the driver left his wagon he would drive the oxen away, at the same time picking up a stone. Mr. Lewis was incensed at the conduct of his friend, and said: 'Goodall, if you do I will shoot you,' at the same time drawing his pistol. Goodall immediately dropped the stone and asked Lewis what he had in his hand, and before replying Lewis fired the shot, killing Goodall almost instantly. Goodall, as he fell, said: 'Oh! Pete, what made you do that?'

"Lewis without losing a moment ran into the house and up to the garret. Great excitement followed, the news spread rapidly and the street was thronged with men of both parties. The sheriff summoned twenty men to assist in arresting Lewis. Mrs. Lewis came to the sheriff and told him Mr. Lewis was in the garret intoxicated and heavily armed, and that it would be death to any man who attempted to mount the ladder leading to the hiding-place of her husband, but if he—the sheriff—waited until he—Lewis—sobered she would bring him down. After dark, the time appointed for her to carry out the purposes of the sheriff, she piloted him and his deputies up the staircase where the ladder was standing. Here she requested the gentlemen to step into a room while she ascended the ladder. Once in the room she made them prisoners by locking them in, and hastening Mr. Lewis down the ladder, down the stairway and out through the backway and into the garden, he was free. Every light in the house was put out, according to the plans of Mrs. Lewis. Just as the alarm was given that Lewis was out a negro named Bob, belonging to Mrs. Lewis, fired a pistol and calling, 'Here he goes!' ran in an opposite direction to that taken by Mr. Lewis, thus throwing the guards off his track. Escaping that night on a magnificent horse, procured from Esquire Thomas G. Moss, which was hitched in the back garden for that purpose, he went to Louisiana and from there to Cuba.

"Detectives were employed to work up the case, and two were employed to shadow Mrs. Lewis, who it was thought would join her husband, but the woman's ingenuity was too much for them. She would leave for a visit to Louisville, Nashville or Cincinnati, and a detective would follow. She thus threw them off their guard, visited her husband in Louisiana, and from there went to Cuba. Tired of exile, after ten years' wandering, Lewis returned and gave himself up to the sheriff. He was arraigned, tried and acquitted by the courts. To the genius and ability of the late Hon. John C. Guild, who was his lawyer, is attributed his acquittal. Guild had at that day no superior as a criminal lawyer in Tennessee—nay, not an equal.

"Mr. Lewis lived here until after the war, making a good and useful citizen. He died and was buried in his own garden, where, I am told, a poke stalk came up every year, at the head of his grave. A few years ago his remains were transferred to their present location, and, as I was told, the poke stalk still comes up annually. His wife, Mrs. Mary Lewis—Aunt Polly—lies by his side, a heroic, true, devoted woman. During her life she never faltered in her love and devotion to her husband in his troubles. It would be a waste of words to offer a tribute to the constancy and devotion of Mrs. Lewis, not only to her husband but to anyone who could claim her as a friend. She died about two years ago at the residence of her nephew, Dr. W. R. Tomkins, at the age of 78 years."

She Wanted the Kisses, Too.

From the Greensburg (Pa.) Press.

The other day, while our young deputy postmaster was engaged at his work, in stepped one of our bashful maidens of "sweet sixteen," with a money order that she desired to have cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was on the margin of the order. "No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?" The deputy read as follows: "I send you $3 and a dozen kisses." Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now I have paid you the money, and I suppose you want the kisses." "Yes," said the girl, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too." It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner, at that—eminently satisfactory to the maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them which they had never encountered before.

Amelia Reeves, who wrote "A Brother to Dragons," is described as a young and beautiful Virginia heiress, who detests small talk and is devoted to diamonds.

A FAMOUS TAVERN.

The White Horse Hotel in the English Metropolis.

Annie Wakeman in the Boston Herald.

An amusing fact is that not a woman domestic has crossed the doorsill of the old tavern for a quarter of a century. All the work, even to the making of beds, sweeping, washing and scrubbing, is done by men. Each lodger does his own cooking. This is one of the features of the tavern. There is a huge kitchen, in which the furnace is never allowed to cool, and an enormous fireplace, in front of which a dozen or so of men may stand in a row and cook their own especial viands. This fireplace is always filled with gleaming coals. On the fire stands always a mammoth pot of boiling water, together with spits to turn the meats upon, and an unlimited number of cooking utensils.

On a primitive but roomy cupboard are piles of plates, cups and spoons for the use of guests, and a large trough of warm water for washing them after they have been used. This simplifies dish-washing of a truth. At the same time it is drolly masculine. On the opposite side of the kitchen and in many adjoining rooms are long rows of primitive and time-worn tables, with benches on each side, capable of seating hundreds of guests. About the walls are dozens of boxes, like large pigeon-holes, with doors on them. These constitute the receptacles of lodgers' food, both cooked and uncooked. A deposit of sixpence entitles each guest to the use of one box for the time of his sojourn, and when he takes his departure he receives his deposit back again. In the kitchen and adjacent rooms, at all hours of the day, swarm scores of humanity, of themselves a curious sight. "Decayed" (as they say here, or as we would say, "reduced") gentlemen, with long, old-time coats and beaver hats, brown and rusty with age; showmen down on their luck, gamblers out of the way of luck, lawyers dropped from legal grace, travelers, loafers and sharpers, all these flock to the White Horse. There is a strange air of good fellowship with the lot, who greet each other in this wise: "Hello, old bloke!" Some men wear clothes "all tattered and torn," others are rigged out in pitiful respectability, but, alas! none are comfortably dressed in the house where Goldsmith once lodged.

At one table sits a man of Irving-like aspect and general theatrical air. The table is littered with rags, strings and rolls of cotton. He appears to be making a rag doll of nearly elephant size. We ask the man's name. A bystander replies, "Why, 'im? 'e's Wallentine Wox; 'e's the great ventriloquist, and 'e's a good un; 'e makes an old woman out o' them rags and paints the old woman's face right on the back of his hand. Then 'e goes round to the pubs at nights, stands in the cheers and makes the old woman talk for pennies. Oh! 'e's a good un!" Additional inquiry proved that this man is a very clever ventriloquist and prestidigitateur, who travels through the provinces in the spring and summer, spending his winters at the White Horse. His guesthip is only a matter of miserly economy, though, for he has banked £2,600, or $10,000, as profits on his business. Another man is busy broiling a penny herring on the coals, but we find he has many snug thousands. He is a miser of mysterious history. He does not grant favors; he does not ask favors. If a fellow-lodger were starving he would not give him bread. Rumor has it that he scornfully refused to help his own brother who was dying of starvation. The man thus described is about seventy years old, with bent form, pinched face and small, furtive eyes. As he broils his herring, he glances about like a weasel, fearing he may be robbed. Once cooked, he carries the mean little fish to a distant corner, munching it as if ashamed of the performance.

Soon after nightfall the White Horse is a lively place. At 11 o'clock the fun waxes fast and furious. That is the hour most affected by the transients, and then they take their "nightcap" of beer or spirits, usually the latter. By 2 o'clock the house is fairly quiet, and the lodgers at tenpence a day are wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

He Couldn't Quite Call it That.

From the New York Tribune.

Col. Michael Boland, of Kentucky, recently related to a reporter in New York a story which illustrates the ready Irish tongue. He was with the advance guard of Sheridan in the valley of Shenandoah. The soldiers in his command became engaged in a close-quarter fight in the woods. They ran out of ammunition, and he went back and brought them new supplies. As he was dealing it out the bullets were flying uncomfortably around him. One ball struck a man named Kelly, a native of the Green Isle, just as the Colonel was handing him some cartridges. He was knocked senseless, and Boland thought he was dead. But there was something about his appearance that made Boland run his hand down where the bullet had struck. The touch showed that there was no blood flowing, and the Colonel pursued the investigation further. The noise made by the striking bullet was as if it had hit a button. Inside the man's breast pocket he found a set of three-card monte cards. They had the bullet imbedded in them. Kelly began to come to and was soon able to sit up. The Colonel knew him for an old "sport." He handed the man the cards and showed him the bullet, remarking:

"The cards have saved your life."

The Irishman looked dazedly at the bullet for a moment, and then, as his mind became clearer, he replied in great excitement:

"Heaven help me! if it had been a prayer-book it would have been a miracle."

How Cleveland Receives the Returns.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

"William," said the President to the Postmaster General, "I see by the papers that your home city of Madison has elected a Republican Mayor."

"Yes, your Excelleney."

"It is very gratifying to me, William, to see how generally our party is approving of the idea that public office is a public trust, and is working to fill the minor and clerical positions with the best men, irrespective of party. This evidence of indorsement in the form of a popular vote at your old home is especially pleasing to me, William, and if you will touch that bell by your hand we will lubricate our joy with a little old-fashioned Democratic exhilaration and drink to the health of this Mr. Keyes."

CHANGED AT BIRTH.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ORLEANS FAMILY.

The Strange Story of Louis Phillippe and the Jailer Schiappini.

Paris Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

A certain number of people in France believe that Louis XVII. escaped from the Temple and took refuge in Holland. The death of the Countess of Chambord has severed every tie that bound the Legitimists to the memory of Henry V., and now the partisans of Louis XVII's. descendants wish to set aside the claims of the Count of Paris. The first bombshell thrown into the Orleans camp is the assertion that the Orleanists are not Orleanists, and it is recalled that on the 19th day of May, 1824, the Ecclesiastical Court of Faenza, Italy, proved that Louis Phillippe was the son of Lorenzo Schiappini, jailer, and Vincenzia Diligenti, his wife. For the benefit of those who have never heard this history I have interviewed one of the leaders of the Louis XVII. party, and obtained from him the so-called authentic proofs that Louis Phillippe was not the son of Phillippe Egalite. But first I must state that these genuine Legitimists affirm that Phillippe Egalite took his oath that the Duke of Orleans, husband of his mother, was not his father. Phillippe *dit* Egalite feared that the heir his wife was about to give him might be a daughter. Consequently, at the beginning of the year 1773, he assumed the name of Count Joinville, and, liking to study the lower classes, he formed the acquaintance of a jailer, Schiappini, and to him made confidential communications. The jailer told the Duke that he also expected an heir, and it was arranged that if the Duchess gave birth to a daughter and the jailer's wife to a son the children should be exchanged. It was fortunate that the Duke of Orleans had made this plan, for his child was a princess. The substitution was made and an immense sum of money given to the jailer. The jailer's son, born at Mogdigliana April 17, 1773, was taken to Paris and concealed until the 6th of October, the day of anointing. The daughter of the Duchess remained with Schiappini, brought up as his child, with the name of Maria Stella Petronilla. Money was sent from France every year for her support, but she was very badly treated by the wife of Schiappini, who regretted the loss of her own son.

When Maria Stella Petronilla was seventeen years old she was admired so much by Lord Newborough that he made her his wife. At his death Lady Newborough took her children to Russia, where she met Baron de Sternberg, whom she married. Her husband held some high office at the Russian court, and it was in St. Petersburg that the Baroness resided.

The Baroness de Sternberg supposed herself the daughter of the jailer Schiappini until one day she received the following letter:

> At last I have reached the end of my life and I have never unveiled a secret I have in my possession—a secret which regards only you and me. The day that you were born to a person whom I cannot name and who is already in another world—that day gave to me a son. I was asked to make an exchange, and, considering my lack of fortune at the time, I consented to reiterated advantageous propositions. It was then I adopted you as my daughter, in the same manner as my son had been adopted by the other party. I see that Heaven has done for you what I could not do, since you are well placed in this world, although your position is very inferior to that of your father, who was one of great rank. Because you are happy I end my life in peace. This letter will be given you only after my death.
>
> LAURENT SCHIAPPINI.

Maria Stella, Baroness de Sternberg, had no difficulty in discovering who was her father. In 1830 she came to Paris, had an interview with the Abbe Saint-Phar, who told the story to Philippe d'Orleans. He, furious, forbade her to enter the Palais Royal.

Nothing daunted, Maria Stella went to Italy the year following and returned to Paris with official papers, stating that she was the child, not of Schiappini, the jailer, but of the Count and Countess of Joinville. Louis Phillippe, at heart very greatly alarmed, sent M. Dupin to offer two million francs to the claimant. The answer was that of one who knows she is right: "The one who sends you knows I do not need money. My first husband, Lord Newborough, left me an income of forty thousand francs; my eldest son, Lord Spencer, is in the English Parliament, and my second son will succeed his father, Baron Sternberg, with the Emperor Nicholas. Thus, for me, it is a question of justice and honor and not a question of money."

When Louis Phillippe ascended the throne he decided that Maria Stella, Baroness of Sternberg, looked too much like a Bourbon to remain in France, consequently she was exiled.

To resume: The Count of Paris, who was always despised by the Bourbons, never had the right to call himself heir of the Count of Chambord. He will do well in the future not to shrug his shoulders when the legitimate Bourbon is mentioned, for he himself will never have the appearance of the real descendants of the Kings of France. Schiappini he is, Schiappini he will remain.

Alexandre Dumas, who was always searching for historical romances, firmly believed this story of the Baroness de Sternberg and the jailer Schiappini.

A Story of a Dressing Gown.

From the Lynn Union.

A well-known citizen of Lynn was recently visited by a boyhood acquaintance whom he had not seen before for a quarter of a century. The acquaintance was much pleased with the city sights and the ways of the town, but was a little slow in always adapting himself to their circumstances. The other night his good hostess presented him with a beautiful dressing-gown, which she had made with her own hands, and adorned with all the woven filagree of feminine tastiness. This she presented him just previous to his retiring. He was profuse in his thanks, and immediately retired to his room. In the morning he came down without the dressing-gown.

"Well, where is the dressing-gown I gave you last night?" kindly inquired the hostess.

"The what?"

"Why, the dressing-gown?".

"Oh, that—Oh, I left it in my room."

"Why don't you wear it?"

"What! in the daytime? I thought that was to wear nights. Why, I slept in that last night!"

A suppressed smile that gradually grew audible swept through the household.

The confession of evil works is the first beginning of good works.

MR. AND MISS CLEVELAND.

An Eye-Witness Recounts Things She Witnessed at the White House.

From the Chicago Mail.

One of the ladies who has been a White House guest during the latter part of the winter is my authority for a pleasing insight into the ways and incidents of its life. Like all bachelors, the President is a little indifferent to family intercourse and amenities as a change and rest from his work. About all he sees of the ladies of the White House is at his meals. Then he appears the jovial, jesting man of the world, always ready to make each passing moment the pleasantest. Miss Cleveland addresses him almost without exception as "Mr. President." When her friend said: "Why do you always call him Mr. President?" she replied: "He is my President, as well as everybody else's." Rarely does she call him Grover. The brother and sister evidently have a deep affection for each other, although little is manifest on the surface. He looks after her wants as faithfully as it is possible to imagine, and many apparently volunteer services from the attendants of the Executive Mansion are suggested by the President. His use of the White House stables is always modified by his regard for Miss Cleveland's wishes. If by chance he learns that she desires to take a ride he first learns which carriage and what horses she wants before making his own selection. Wherever he is there does not escape from his face and manner the trace of the enormous burden of work which he carries from day to day; and so it was rather surprising one morning at breakfast, for instance, when the young ladies and Miss Cleveland were planning to go to Mount Vernon, to hear the President suggest that good, generous lunch be provided. "You cannot get any there, you know, and if you could it would not be good for anything. There is always a crowd." And this seemed all the more striking, for the reason that the President himself has never yet visited Mount Vernon, and knows only what its hardships are in the way of luncheon from hearsay.

Miss Cleveland attends to the duties of her mistresship in the most methodical way, and has lost much, it is said, of her old-time blithesome manner and freedom. One of the curiosities of her situation, which amused her a good deal, is that wherever she goes about the house she is expected to lead the way. If she passes from one room to another with a company of her friends they will stand back and make way for her to pass first, a custom probably as ancient as the English court, by which she, with her democratic notions, was at first a good deal shocked. Evidently all that she does in her position is prompted by a most dutiful desire to be to her brother all that a sister could be. A great deal of nonsense is printed about her monitorship over his public policy and one thing and another. It may be accepted as approximately true that Miss Cleveland does not attempt to interfere or recommend or request any information of her brother on any particular question of the day. Her first aim is to do her duty, simply, modestly and unpretentiously—which explains her success.

The Conscience Fund.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The "conscience fund" contributes something to the revenues, though, of course, in a very small way. Some people imagine from the way announcements are made of receipts from this source that there is a fund set apart made up from these contributions, but this is not the fact. These amounts are all covered into the Treasury under the head of miscellaneous receipts. A good deal of curious interest attaches to these cases of conscience. The term "conscience fund" was the invention of old Treasurer Spinner, the man with an autograph which was autographical. Twenty-five years ago, during the war, a letter was one day received at the Treasury Department from a man who, enclosing a check for $1,500, said that that represented a little misappropriation of government funds of which he had been guilty when acting as a quartermaster in the army. Then came the happy idea into Spinner's handsome head. "We'll call that a contribution to the conscience fund," he said, "and have it announced in the newspapers, and perhaps we will get some more." The announcement was duly made all over the country, and, sure enough, the department did get "some more." For ten years contributions were quite numerous, but latterly they have become less frequent. It is a question whether all the dishonest ones have settled, or whether the conscience of the country is growing more callous. These contributions have never been very large in amount, probably because the big thieves are not troubled with scruples.

The largest ever received was $4,000 forwarded by a former Internal Revenue gauger in Chicago as the amount of a bribe he took from distillers, and the smallest was nine cents from a Massachusetts Mugwump, whose sensitive conscience had been burdened for years with the canceled three-cent stamp, which as a small boy he had carefully washed and used on a letter to his sweetheart. He thought the nine cents would adequately cover the principal and interest involved in the steal. Most of the contributions are made by women who have evaded the custom laws by smuggling through some feminine luxury. Now and then the department gets a contribution from some offender through a clergyman who receives a death-bed confession. But ordinarily they come directly from the anonymous offenders themselves. Next to the smugglers in point of numbers come the breakers of the internal revenue laws. The total amount of the contributions to the conscience fund is unknown, as it has not been kept separate in the Treasury Department; but it is estimated by Treasury officials that it would aggregate about $350,000.

How a Darkey Dodged the Issue.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"'Deed, miss," said he, addressing the daughter, "you'se lookin' mighty peart, you is, and growed a big 'ooman, too, since I fust knowed ye. An' dar's yo mudder, too. Lawd! Lawd! 'stonishin' how smart she looks. I ain't gwine ter say 'at you looks 's old 's yo' mudder, but I 'clar it am a sartin fack yo' mudder looks 's young 's *you*."

And the courtly old coon chuckled softly as he resumed his shoveling.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS ASSASSIN.

Scenes Recounted by an Eye-Witness—Booth's First Attempt Frustrated.

Corp. in the Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Davis, who has been a leading lawyer of Washington since the days of James Buchanan, was present in Ford's Theatre the night that Lincoln was shot. He chatted with me about the assassination last night in Willard's hotel, and said:

"I saw it stated that the President and Gen. Grant would be present, and I went to the theatre that evening more to see Grant than anything else. The play was "The American Cousin," and the house was crowded. I sat within five or six rows of the front in the pit, and Joe Stewart, the six-footer who attempted to catch the assassin, was just in front of me. President Lincoln entered with his party while Dundreary was telling why a dog wags his tail. The audience greeted the President with cheers and clapping of hands, and as he reached the door of his private box he turned and bowed, and then followed Mrs. Lincoln into the box, taking his seat in front by her side. The interior of the box was lined with crimson velvet paper, and its inmates stood out plainly from this as a background; the front of the box was hung with American flags, between which Lincoln looked out on the audience.

"The comedy went on until the third act, and the President's party seemed to enjoy themselves. Lincoln was sitting with his left arm on the balustrade, with his wife's hand resting on his knee. In the midst of a scene a pistol shot rang out, and a scream from Mrs. Lincoln drew my attention to the President. I saw clouds of smoke issuing between the flags, and through this I saw Lincoln's head sink upon his chest. Then out of the smoke a form sprang down upon the stage, catching his foot in the flags as he leaped. It was John Wilkes Booth. Tall, thin, with black hair and eyes that glittered like those of a wild beast, his face was as white as chalk. As his foot caught he fell to his knees; rising, he waved a sword-like dagger which I can see glittering before my eyes now, exclaimed, in tragic tones, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis!' and limped rapidly across the stage.

All this happened in an instant, and all the time Mrs. Lincoln was screaming. As Booth rushed from the stage he pushed aside Laura Keene, who was ready to enter for her part, and in a moment he was in the alley and away. The audience was dumbfounded for a moment, and then everyone sprang to his feet, but Joe Stewart was the only one who attempted to seize Booth. He rushed through the orchestra, crushing violins and trombones in his efforts to get upon the stage, but the footlights burned his fingers, and when at last he clambered up he was too late, although he could see Booth galloping out of the alley. A moment later, and the whole audience was in the street.

"Lincoln was carried across to the Peterson House, in which he died the next morning, and I do not think that Mrs. Lincoln ever recovered from the shock of that night. I did not see Grant, for he was prevented from attending the theatre from some cause. On the trial of the conspirators I remember that a scene-shifter was among the witnesses, who, on being questioned as to what Booth said as he went across the stage, replied that he had said: 'I am sick; send for McGinnis.'"

John T. Ford, who owned Ford's Theatre at the time, is now a gray-haired man, conducting a theatre in Baltimore, who talks very interestingly of the assassination. He says that Booth was a fine actor, and would have made a great reputation on the stage. He was a fine-looking young fellow—one of those actors over whom the ladies go crazy. Booth entered the theatre before he committed the deed, and then went out again and got a glass of brandy. About three-quarters of an hour later he returned, and, slipping into Lincoln's box, shot him. His jump from the box to the stage was fully nine feet, and it was his shin-bone that broke in falling. When he ran out of the theatre he met Mr. Withers, the leader of the orchestra, and made a thrust at him with his dagger, cutting entirely through the clothing, though inflicting no wound, and finally he knocked Withers down with the butt of the knife. He then sprang out of the back-door, seized his horse, held by a boy known as "Peanut John," and galloped off into Maryland.

Booth is said to have attempted to assassinate the President at the time of his second inauguration at the capitol. Danger was apprehended at this time, and a double row of policemen had been stationed in the rotunda to keep the passage-way open for the procession, which was going from the Senate-chamber to the east portico, where the President was to speak. As it passed through the rotunda, a man rushed from the crowd in the rear, and attempted to get to the President. A policeman by the name of Westfall seized him, and, supposing that he was crazy, carried him out, while the procession went on. Westfall afterwards identified this man as John Wilkes Booth on seeing Booth's photograph after the assassination.

They Like Whitney.

Washington Correspondence of Kansas City Times.

He is the best-dressed man in Washington, and is proud of it. His clothes are made in New York by a fashionable tailor, who sends him a suit whenever he finds anything in stock that he thinks would please the Secretary's fastidious taste, and sometimes he gets half a dozen suits during the month. The Secretary is partial to white flannel during the summer, but for the remaining months he wears the regulation Prince Albert coat, with trousers of gray or some dark material. The Prince Albert is usually unbuttoned; and he has a fashion when talking with you of grabbing the coat by the button, and throwing the lapel back on the shoulder. The only article of jewelry visible in the Secretary's attire is a black pearl scarf-pin, which is said to have cost him $1,500.

Personally, Secretary Whitney is a very agreeable man, and quite as courteous in his way as the Secretary of the Interior. There is no nonsense about Whitney, and this adds to his popularity with the newspaper correspondents, as it does with everyone else with whom he is brought in contact. If you go to Whitney for any information that he can consistently give to you, you will get it without a moment's delay; if it is something he thinks ought not to be made public he says so, and that is the end of it.

Good character is above all things.

A VAUABLE LESSON.

The Wisdom of a Kind but Far-seeing Father.

From the Youth's Companion.

"If more fathers would take a course with their sons similar to one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think hard at the time, but they'd thank them in after life." "What sort of a course?" we asked. "Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-two, just out of college, and felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well-off, and my head was full of foolish notions of having a good time and spending lots of money. Later on I expected father to start me in business, after I'd 'swelled' round awhile at the club, and with fine horseflesh. Like a wise man, father saw through my folly, and resolved to prevent my self-destruction, if possible. 'If the boy's got the right stuff in him let him show it,' I heard father say to mother one day. 'I worked hard for my money, and I don't intend to let Ned squander it and ruin himself besides.' That very day father came along and handed me $50, remarking, 'Ned, take that money, spend it as you choose, but understand this much: it's the last dollar of my money you can have till you prove yourself capable of earning money and taking care of it on your own account.' I took the money in a sort of dazed manner, and stammered out, 'I—why—I—I want to go into business.'

"'Business!' exclaimed father contemptuously, 'what do you know about managing the mercantile business?' And father left me then to ponder on his words. And that $50 was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property. I felt hard and bitter then, felt that my father was a stingy old fogy, and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had aroused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose. For three days I looked about to find a place to make lots of money; but I found no such chances, and, at length, I accepted a clerkship in a large retail store at $400 a year. Another bit of father's 'stinginess' at this time was demanding $2 a week for my board through the first year. At the end of my first year I had laid aside $200, and the next year, my salary being raised $100, I had $500 laid by. One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than $100 had previously. At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with $1,500 of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me borrow the money, $2,000, at 6 per cent. interest. To-day I am called a successful business man, and I have my father to thank for it. Those lessons in self-denial, self-respect and independence which he gave me put the manhood in me.

"Years afterwards father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy; but he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we've laughed over the $2 board-bill."

How Hancock Fell in Love.

After Hancock graduated from West Point his first duty was in connection with an exploring party out West. On his way there he stopped for a short time at St. Louis, and it was his custom there to take a horseback ride every morning. As he rode down one of the streets one bright, sunny day when it was still early, he saw, at the window of one of the finest-looking houses in the city, a very beautiful young lady. His eye caught hers as he passed, and he involuntarily raised his hat. The young lady blushed, waved her hand to him, and then stepped back into the shadow. As the story goes, it was a case of love at first sight on Hancock's part.

Morning after morning he rode past the house, hoping to see her again. At last, one day he passed by on foot just as she was leaving the house on the arm of a fine-looking old gentleman. The lady recognized him again, as he could see from her blushes, but she did not bow, and just as he passed she entered a carriage, the old gentleman following her, and they were driven rapidly away. I shall not describe how Hancock took a cab and kept the carriage in sight, nor how gratified he was when, after a short drive, he saw it draw up at the door of an old army comrade. A moment later he had dismissed the cab and gained admission into his friend's house, who met him in the hall, and Hancock in a stammering way asked for an introduction to the young lady.

He was forthwith ushered into the parlor and introduced to Miss Almira Russell and her father, who was one of the richest merchants of St. Louis. He took quickly to Hancock; and before he left the house that afternoon, the young officer received a hearty invitation to call, which, by the way, the young lady seconded. Hancock did call, and called often, the pretty young lady seeming to be as much attracted to the gay young lieutenant as he was to her. After a brief courtship they were engaged, and a short time later they were married.

Six Bottles of Best Champagne.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

At Dussaux's restaurant, in the Grand Morskoi at St. Petersburg, six officers of the Imperial Horse Guards sat drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man with a shabby coat and an unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him. It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers aforesaid. By and by, as they became more and more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, etc., he called the waiter and said: "Bring me six bottles of your best champagne." The waiter hesitated. "Did you not hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter brought the wine and six glasses. "Take these glasses away and bring a basin—one as large as you can find." The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly on the peremptory repetition of the order. "A piece of soap," was the next order. It was brought. "A towel." The waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles." The waiter did so. The little man now filled the basin with the contents of the six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid a 100-rouble note on the table, and, casting a look of withering contempt on the officers, strutted out of the room.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are the best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY,.....MAY 6, 1886.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

If there is anything to save Cloverins, convicted last year of the murder of Lilian Madison in Richmond, Va., we are at loss to know what it may be. No stone has been left unturned, no effort has been omitted, to avert from him his awful fate, but the dread shadow seems to be closing about him day by day.

Wouldn't it be as well to hold *all* the conventions in Raleigh, and let the public men of that city file in at one door of the hall and out at the other, giving the delegates an opportunity of choosing from their number all the office-bearers for the people? The State capital may possibly give the rest of North Carolina a chance in some other nomination, but it wants two out of the three Supreme Court Judges for itself.

The "long agony" of the strikes still continues, despite consultation, conference, Congressional investigation and efforts at arbitration, with the additional complication now of a general demand throughout the country for the inauguration of the eight-hour system in labor. Far removed from the scenes of disturbed action we can realize little of the trouble, even the sorrow, heartache and distress, which these lamentable conflicts between two great classes of our people are causing.

Commencing with a discussion upon the merits of the stock-law, Gen. Johnston Jones and Mr. Richmond M. Pierson, two prominent citizens of Western North Carolina, became involved in a bitter controversy which culminated in a challenge from Mr. Pierson, Gen. Jones declining to resort to this method of settlement on high moral and christian grounds. The latter had a perfect right to take the position which he did in this matter: no sane man can advocate dueling as absolutely right; the most that can be said for it is that it is sometimes the least of two evils—a stern necessity in case of last resort. Gen. Jones would have done well to remember the old saying, that "it is best to enter upon nothing of which we cannot see the way out." He could occupy his high moral ground with more grace if christian virtue and charity had first prevented him from insulting another and impugning his courage—when he had no intention of giving him redress.

The climax of insufferable impudence has been attained at last; and it has been reserved for the city of Albany—the capital of the wealthiest, most populous and most enlightened of all the States—to present to the world a picture of asinine stupidity which has not been equaled since the days of Bottom and Puck. Fired by an access of hyper-loyalty, certain citizens of Albany, N. Y., have held an indignation meeting, to protest against the treasonable utterances of Jefferson Davis at Montgomery! They seemed to have forgotten that Davis—as a ringing voice told him coming from the centre of that vast crowd on that day—was "in the house of his friends." Did they expect him—the guest of a memorial association, addressing an assemblage gathered to do honor to the Southern dead—to wrap himself in the stars and stripes, and eulogize the "best government the world ever saw?" We believe the people of Albany have the grace to be ashamed of the spectacle, and charge it upon the legislature then in session. What interesting fellows those members of the New York General Assembly must be!

We have just finished reading *St. Nicholas* for May, published by the "Century Company," N. Y., as far as we have had time and opportunity. We do not think that any boy or girl enjoys the magazine more than we do, although it is in all respects a juvenile publication. We would as lief be the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as of the best things that Hans Christian Andersen ever wrote; the charming story grows better and better every month, and we see that in the end the little lord will be too much for the grim old earl. The "Brownies" are still inimitable, their last achievement being on roller skates. We have conceived a real liking for the dude of the Brownies, whose silk hat, eye-glass and cane suffer terribly in all their frolics, but he sticks to it like a clever fellow, and is a ways "in at the death." The skill of the artist is wonderful in reproducing the elfin Brownie figures exactly the same from month to month, so that we recognize old acquaintances with the first glance at the picture. "When Shakspere was a Boy;" "How Conrad Lost his Books;" "George Washington;" Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the Letter-Box, Poetry, Sketches, etc., etc., combine to make up the entertaining contents of the May number. No household with children should be without *St. Nicholas*.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY.

Not since the inauguration of the Confederate President in the Southern capital a quarter of a century ago, have so imposing an assemblage and so august an occasion opened the hospitable doors of the fair city of Montgomery as were witnessed last Thursday during the visit of Mr. Jefferson Davis, decking its welcoming thresholds with festive flowers, draping its glad streets with banner and bunting, and filling its broad halls with the eloquence born of a nation's sorrow, welling from hearts which have been touched to their innermost depths by God's chastening rod.

From the quiet home of Beauvoir—where for the once silence and solitude would hold for a few hours undisputed sway over this retreat of the statesman, patriot and sage; for many long days the library deserted and the study closed; the faithful watch-dog dreaming away the hours in the sunshine on the porch, and wondering in his dumb, faithful heart at the absence of the feeble, gray-haired master; the wife—whose love had brightened even the days of his power and triumph, and whose devotion had made as nothing the fetters of the dungeon—waiting with a woman's pride to catch the world's plaudits as he mingles with the assembled multitude, and shrinking back with a shudder as she thinks of the stab of the envenomed tongue which may wound that great loyal heart—from the hour that he accepted the invitation of his countrymen and entered the city of his former rule, whose gates were thrown wide open to him as if he were again a conqueror, every step of his journey was marked by ovation and welcome. What was it that crowded the country stations, thronged the great thoroughfares, and sent one long shout of rejoicing through the air? Was he endowed with riches? A hundred men can count ten dollars to his one. Was he clothed with authority and invested with the robes of high office? He has no country; the hired hand in his cotton field is a sovereign at the ballot-box, but he has no voice in the affairs of his people; the taint of the prison cell is on his aged limbs, and of him it might almost be said: "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but this man hath not where to lay his head." Did he pass across the stage, a heroic figure panoplied in mail and flushed with victory? A feeble, tottering old man, waiting patiently for the end, he has seen his every hope defeated his people tasting the bitter fruits of failure the capital of his country at the mercy of the invader and the land of his fathers under the scourge of subjugation. Jefferson Davis at Montgomery the other day was the central figure standing out from the past of the South—the representative of the principles which had made it a unit to do and to suffer—the prototype of the great leaders who had rendered it illustrious and historic. In every utterance of his tongue spake Johnston and Jackson and Lee, and the hosts of "unsheeted dead" without a name but with a fame that knows no decay or change. There was no treason to affright the listening North—only the manifestation of the deep feeling which went forth to meet the invocation from the graves of the lost: "Let not my country be unworthy of the deeds of its defenders: in the hearts of my sons and daughters, Lord, keep my memory green."

It was for Mr. Davis to accept or decline the invitation of the people of Alabama last week—to subject himself to misrepresentation and abuse, or to wait and be silent until "other men and other times shall do justice to his character." But he has spoken, and we would abridge no jot or tittle of what has fallen from his lips; they are golden words—worthy of the speaker and of the people whom he addressed. In his own glowing language let us "suffer and be strong," waiting for that vindication which will come from the "Father who knows the motives as well as the deeds of his children."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Another Memorable Day at Montgomery—Address of Ex-President Davis.

MONTGOMERY, April 26, 1886.—The Capitol grounds at 11 o'clock to-day presented an animated scene. The whole hill-top and premises were covered with people, gathered to witness the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate Monument—or, as some expressed it, "the official burial of the Confederacy." The skies above were cloudless, and pleasant breezes wafted the breath of flowers from the city. The foundation of the monument only was ready. Near at hand stood the corner-stone, on which, in raised letters, was the inscription: "Corner-stone laid by Ex-President Davis April 29, 1886." Opposite this was a large platform for the speakers.

The procession formed in front of the Exchange Hotel. Mr. Davis, his daughter, ex-Gov. Watts and Hon. H. C. Tompkins, chairman of the committee of arrangements, were in a carriage drawn by four white horses, each led by a negro in livery. The next carriage contained Gen. and Mrs. Gordon, his daughter and Mrs. Clement C. Clay, and was surrounded by survivors of the Sixth Alabama and other Confederate veterans. The procession was preceded by a cavalry and artillery escort, and was further made up of other local military, uniformed Knights of Pythias, Grand Commanderies of Knights Templar, and Masonic bodies from different parts of the State.

The demonstrations along the route were as enthusiastic as they were yesterday. The ex-President was, as is usual, whenever the people could catch sight of him, cheered enthusiastically. He took his seat with the committee of the Memorial Association behind him; Mrs. Gordon, Misses Davis and Gordon on his left; Gen. Gordon on his right. Ex-Gov. Watts, officers of the Sixth Alabama and others were on the platform. The Sixth regiment was present also, as were the trustees of the Soldiers' Monument Association, Col. W. L. Bragg, Mayor Reese, Gen. W. W. Allen, Col. W. R. Jones, Col. W. W. Screws and Gov. O'Neal.

Before the services began Col. Bragg presented Mr. Davis with an elegant basket of flowers from Maj. Boling Hall, who lives near this city. Maj. Hall is a descendant of Georgia's Lyman Hall. He was a noted opponent to secession, but had eight sons in the war, seven of whom gave their lives to the Confederacy, and the eighth carries lead in him as an evidence of his devotion. A pretty picture was witnessed when some old soldier brought forward the muster-roll of the Sixth Alabama, and two ladies—Misses Gordon and Davis—examined it with his assistance; the old veteran standing by with gratification and pardonable pride.

Ex-Gov. Watts, presiding officer of the occasion, opened the exercises with reference to the importance of calling down the benediction of heaven upon the occasion, and requested Rev. Mr. Andrew, pastor of the M. E. Church, to pray. The prayer was earnest and simple.

Ex-Gov. Watts then spoke, and was followed by Mr. Davis. The scene as Mr. Davis arose and grasped the hand of his old Attorney-General, was very affecting. It was some minutes before he could proceed, as cheers were again and again repeated. When there was sufficient quiet, Mr. Davis said:

It is deeply gratifying to me to be presented to you by one on whom I leaned for advice when advice was wanted; whose sterling qualities always made me sure that the judgment he was drawing was from the bottom of his heart. When you called him away the place was missing which he once filled, and I have always desired to lay my hand upon him again. [Doing so amid applause.] Thus it was when we met the other night, after years of separation. Some people in the room gave a sardonic smile to see two old weather-beaten men embrace, but our hearts were young, though our heads were old. Associated here with so many memories, thrilling and tender, I have felt that it were dangerous for me to attempt to speak to you as my heart would prompt me. Not that I am always treasuring up bitterness against any one, but I am overflowing with love and admiration for our beloved people. [Long applause.] To avoid, therefore, anything which might be prompted by the fullness of my heart, for I believe I am case-hardened in that condition of non-citizenship which leaves me very little to fear; [Applause.] for the purpose of guarding others rather than myself, I have prepared some notes that I might read which would not contain anything that would be construed as hurtful. [Voices: "Go on—say what you please; you are in the house of your friends."] My friends, partners in joy and in sorrow, in trials and suffering, I have come to join you in the performance of the sacred task of laying the foundation of a monument at the cradle of the Confederate government, which shall commemorate the gallant sons of Alabama who died for their country—who gave their lives a free-will offering in defense of the rights of their sires, won in the war of the Revolution, and the State sovereignty, freedom and independence which was left as an inheritance to their posterity forever. These rights the compact of union was formed, not to destroy, but better to preserve and perpetuate. Whoever denies this cannot have attentively read the Articles of Confederation or the Constitution of the United States. The latter was formed and designed better to effect the purpose of the first. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the events of the war; they were laid before you yesterday by that great soldier in so able a manner as to require no supplement from me. They were laid before you by one who, like Æneas, "*Cuncta quorum vidi et magna pars fui.*"

* * * * * * *

Revenge is not a sentiment of a chivalrous people, and the apothegm that forgiveness is more to the injured than to those who inflict an injury, has never had more powerful illustration than in the present attitude of the two sections toward one another. Policy, in the absence of magnanimity, would have indicated that in the restored union of the States there should have been full restoration of equality, privilege and benefits as they had pre-existed. Though this has not been the case, yet you have faithfully kept your resumed obligation as citizens, and in your impoverishment have borne equal burdens without equal benefits. I am proud of you, my countrymen, for this additional proof of your fidelity, and pray God to give you grace to suffer and be strong. When your children's children shall ask what means this monument, there will be the enduring answer—"It commemorates the deeds of Alabama's sons, who died that you and your descendants should be what your fathers in the war of independence left you." Alabama asserted the right proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence as belonging to every people. She found that the compact of union had been broken on one side, and was therefore annulled; that the government of the United States did not answer the end for which it was instituted, and with others of like mind proceeded to form a new confederation—organizing its powers, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, in such form as seemed to them most likely to effect their safety and happiness. This was not revolution, because the State government, having charge of all domestic affairs both of person and of property, remained unchanged. To call it rebellion is a gross solecism, [applause] as sovereigns never rebel and as only sovereigns can found a national league. If the States had not been sovereigns, there could not been a compact of union. [Applause.] That the South did not anticipate, much less desire war, is shown by the efforts made to secure peaceful separation. The successful party always holds the defeated responsible for the war; but when passion shall have subsided and reason shall have resumed her dominion, it must be decided that the general government had no constitutional power to coerce a State and that a State had the right to repel invasion. It was a national and constitutional right. [Applause.] From the early part of the century there had been prophecies and threats of a dissolution of the Union. These began at the North on the question of preserving the balance of power, and culminated during the war of 1812 on the decline of their trade. Though the war was waged for the protection of sailors' rights, in the course of years the balance of power passed to the North, and that power was so used that the South, despairing of peaceful enjoyment of their constitutional rights in the Union, decided to withdraw from it; this without injury to their late associates. The right to withdraw was denied, and the North made ready for war. The distant mutterings of the storm were readily understood by the people of Alabama. Gray-haired sires and beardless boys, all unprepared as they were, went forth to meet the storm ere it burst upon their homes and their altars. It required no Demosthenes to arouse them to the duty of resisting invaders; no Patrick Henry to prepare them for the alternative of liberty or death. It was the people, not the leaders, who resolved and acted. One sentiment inspired all classes. Yet I believe there were very few who did not regret the necessity which left them no alternative between fighting for their State or against it. Mothers, wives and daughters choking back their sobs, cheered them on the path of honor and duty. With fearless tread these patriots, untrained to war, advanced on many a battlefield to look death in the face. Though Alabama, like Niobe, must mourn her children in death, yet is her woe tempered by the glorious halo which surrounds their memory. For more than a century after his death, it is said that Phillip Devoloque's name was borne on the roll of the grenadiers to whom he belonged, and when his name was called it was answered from the ranks: "*Mort sur le champ d'honneur.*" Long, very long, would be the list which would contain the name of Alabama's sons, whose valor and fidelity would justify the same response. To name a few would be unjust to many. They are all, therefore, left where they securely repose—in the hearts of a grateful people. This monument will rest upon the land for which they died, and point upward to the Father who knows the motives as well as the deeds of his children; and at last resting in a land where justice may be rendered which may have been denied them here.

In conclusion permit me to say, though the memory of our glorious past must ever be dear to us, duty points to the present and future. Alabama, having resumed her place in the Union, be it yours to fulfil all the obligations devolving upon all good citizens; seeking to restore the General Government to its pristine purity, and, as best you may, to promote the welfare and happiness of your common country. [Long applause.]

County Superintendents.

To the Commissioners and the Board of Education of ——County:

GENTLEMEN:—You are aware that on the first Monday of June next an election for county superintendent, to hold office "for the term of two years from the first Monday of December next," will be held. The progress made in the counties in which efficient superintendents have heretofore operated demonstrates the wisdom of the legislature in providing this office, and emphasizes the importance of the duty imposed upon your boards and the justices, to select a man worthy and well qualified to perform its duties.

The decision of the Supreme court in the case of Barksdale v. the Commissioners of Sampson county, having settled the point that, even to carry out the provisions of Sec. 2590 of the school law, the county commissioners cannot exceed the constitutional limit of taxation, I desire to call the attention of the commissioners to the fact that if the limit is not reached, the duty imposed on them by this section is not only mandatory, but is relieved by this decision of all doubt as to its constitutionality. The limitation is two dollars on the poll and sixty-six and two-thirds cents on each one hundred dollars' worth of property, to be applied to general State and county purposes, and does not apply to "special taxes laid by special acts of the assembly." Whether the limitation is reached or not, it is the duty of the county board of education to lay before the county commissioners an estimate of the amount necessary to continue the schools of your county four months (see sec. 2590, last clause). It is to be hoped that the commissioners will find some margin to be applied to schools.

In the case of Puett & Pasour v. Commissioners of Gaston county, the Supreme court has decided that the "Local Assessment Act" is unconstitutional and therefore no taxes can be levied under this act.

I trust that you will urge upon the secretary of the joint boards the necessity of promptly reporting to this office the name and adress of the person who may be elected county superintendent.

Respectfully,
S. M. FINGER,
Sup't of Pub. Instruction.

ADVERTISEMENTS. | ADVERTISEMENTS

SPRING, 1886.

At the GRAND CENTRAL DRY GOODS BAZAAR

GEORGE BRANDT

Offers his friends and customers

Bargains in Dry Goods:

10,000 Yds. FANCY LAWNS,

Handsome Patterns, only 5cts.; Fast Colors.

From 5cts. up. { WHITE LAWNS, INDIA LAWNS, VICTORIA LAWNS, LINEN LAWNS, } From 5cts. up.

Bleached Shirting and Sheeting.

Bargains in Boots and Shoes:

A Full and Complete Line

FOR MEN'S AND BOYS', LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Bargains in Clothing:

FINE BLUE FLANNEL SUITS, ALL-WOOL DIAGONALS in Sacks and Frocks, BROWN and BLUE LINEN SUITS, SEERSUCKER SUITS; NORFOLK STYLES.

EXTRA-SIZE PANTS A SPECIALTY.

Nos. 26 and 28 Hay Street. GEO. BRANDT.

ap 29 1y

ALABASTINE

IS BOUND TO TAKE THE PLACE OF

Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewash, &c.,

FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

It is Not a Kalsomine, but a

CEMENT.

IT IS CHEAPER THAN KALSOMINE, WORKS EASY, AND ANY ONE CAN APPLY IT.

Every coat adds strength to the wall.
It does not turn yellow, contract with the heat or scale off.
One dozen beautiful tints, with a pure white, to select from.
One five pound package, it is said, will cover 450 square feet—two coats.

For further information call at

Sedberry's Drug Store.

April 22 tf

MRS. DYE

Having returned from the Northern Cities with one of the Handsomest Stocks of

MILLINERY, NOTIONS and FANCY GOODS,

You Can be Accommodated with the

LATEST NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

In the Millinery Department you can be furnished with the Latest and most Superb Styles put up by "ARTISTS" of taste and experience. Satisfaction guaranteed in style and quality, and every article warranted to be as represented.

Special Care in Filling Orders.

CALL EARLY AT

17 HAY STREET.

April 15 tf

Still in the Van!

GEO. ROSENTHAL

CONTINUES TO LEAD IN BARGAINS.

HIS SPRING STOCK

is now complete, and his commodious store is packed from top to bottom with a splendid line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS unsurpassed for style and quality.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, for Men, Youths and Boys, of the Latest Fashions.

STIFF, FELT and STRAW HATS in endless variety.

BOOTS and SHOES, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

An extensive assortment of WHITE GOODS, HOSIERY, &c., &c.

His established reputation for

Liberal Dealing and Small Profits

has built up a Large and Increasing Trade, for which he desires to thank a generous public, extending a cordial invitation to both old and new friends to call and examine his unequaled bargains in every branch of his business.

GEO. ROSENTHAL.

apl 8-tf Corner Market Square and Person Street.

—JUST RECEIVED—

AT

McNEILL & CO.'S!

A LARGE LOT OF

Wrapping Paper,
Paper Bags,
Twine, etc.

Wrapping Paper suitable for every business---Dry Goods, Grocery, Hardware and Drugs.

Prices that will compete with those of any house sending salesmen to our city.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES,

Especially when it will cost you less than to buy the articles elsewhere.

All We ask is a Trial.

mar 18-tf **McNEILL & CO.**

ADVERTISEMENTS. | ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN & RODDICK,

27 HAY STREET,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

ARE NOW RECEIVING FULL LINES OF

DRY GOODS

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS, AND CAN TRULY SAY THAT NEVER BEFORE DID THE PUBLIC HAVE SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY OF BUYING THE BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

We deem it no trouble to show goods and quote prices. Below we name a few of the many decided BARGAINS to be found in our house:

WHITE BED SPREADS 45c. each and upwards.
TOWELS from 5c. to 35c.
WHITE AND COLORED TABLE DAMASK, with DOILIES to match.
PRINTED LAWN—fast colors—4c.
WHITE PIQUE, 6c.
NAINSOOK PLAIDS AND CHECKS, 8c.
INDIA LINEN AND VICTORIA LAWN, 8c.
PERSIAN LAWN.
FRENCH NAINSOOK.

LACES IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

CONSISTING OF HAND AND MACHINE MADE

TORCHON, VALENCIENNES, SPANISH, ESCURIAL, ORIENTAL, DENTELLE, CROCHET AND ALL-OVER LACES, CAMBRIC AND NAINSOOK EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS.

PARASOLS and SUN-SHADES

IN BLACK AND COLORED, PLAIN AND BROCADE.

Corsets from 21c. up.

GLOVES, in Lisle Thread, Silk and Kid.

DRESS GOODS,

5c., 8c., 10c., 12 1-2c., 15c., 20c.

CRAZY CLOTH--Something New.

36 inch All Wool Jersey Albatross, in all the New Shades.

SILKS AND SATINS:

A FEW OF THOSE 40c. SUMMER SILKS YET ON HAND—LOSE NO TIME IF YOU WANT THEM. COLORED SATINS, 60c.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Summer Underwear.

GENTS' UNLAUNDRIED DRESS SHIRTS

In 3 Grades-- BEST VALUE YET SEEN.

CASSIMERES, JEANS, COTTONADES AND LINEND RILLS FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

At **BROWN & RODDICK'S,**

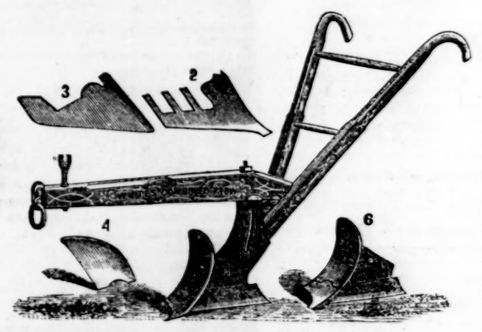
27 Hay St., Fayetteville.

Branch Store 9 Front St., Wilmington, N. C.

April 22 tf

White's COMBINED Plow!

For all Work on the Farm,



Still Acknowledged to be the Best Plow

As It Combines a Good Turning Plow with All the Stonewall Cotton and Tobacco Attachments.

PLOWS and CASTINGS for them always on hand. I also offer the BOY DIXIE, ATLAS, STONE WALL, "BOSS," CLIMAX TOBACCO PLOW and all old styles, such as Nos. 10, 35, 40, 50, 48, 1 6 and M 6. For sale at LOW PRICES for CASH.

☞ **A Full Line of Groceries and Hardware on hand.**

feb 18-tf **CHAS. HAIGH.** Next Door to People's Bank.

STOVES. STOVES.

WE have a LARGE ASSORTMENT of **COOKING STOVES**; all numbers. Also **OIL STOVES**, REFRIGERATORS, ICE-CREAM FREEZERS, WATER-COOLERS, LEMON-SQUEEZERS, TIN TOILET-SETS, GARDEN and DRY-WELL PUMPS, VALLEY GUTTERING, &C.

—ALSO—

CANE-MILLS, COPPER and GALVANIZED EVAPORATORS, STEAM-FITTINGS, BLACK and GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.

A. A.
July 2, 1885. **McMILLAN BROS.** 125-tf

Millinery! Millinery!

I have just returned from the North, and am now receiving

A LARGE AND FASHIONABLE STOCK OF

Millinery, Notions, etc.

You are invited to call and examine my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

apl 15-tf MISS M. H. SMITH.

J. E. GARRETT,

Book and Job Printer,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

SOLICITS ORDERS FOR PAMPHLET WORK, General Letter-Press Printing, Blanks of all kinds, and every description of printing.

Oct. 8, 1885.

—AT—

R.R.
T.T.T.
S S S S
C C C C C
A A A A A A
N N N N N N N
L L L L L L L
I I I I I I I I I
N N N N N N N N N
'8 '8 '8 '8 '8 '8 '8 '8 '8 '8

YOU WILL

F. F. F. F. F. G.

Find Fine, Fresh Family Fancy Groceries.

NO. 47 PERSON STREET, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

mar 18-tf

For Rent.

THAT STORE on GILLESPIE STREET, one door south of E. F. Moore, now occupied by Mr. J. H. Farrar. Possession given May 1st.

Apply to

apl 22-3t DR. H. W. McNATT, or R. M. NIMOCKS.

Observer and Gazette.

THURSDAY,.....MAY 6, 1886.

LOCAL BULLETINS.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

G. P. McNeill, Cashier—Lost.
Mme. Griswold & Co.—Corsets.
S. Brandt—Dry Goods and Shoes.
The "Bright Jewels"—Dime Party.
A. B. Farquhar—Threshing Machines.
R. P. Buxton, Attorney—Trustees' Sale.
Frank Thornton—To Wearers of Clothing.

A FAIR OFFER:
Six Months' Good Reading Free!

Wherever the Observer and Gazette makes its way it never fails to win friends, gain subscribers and increase its circulation. Notwithstanding the fact that the cash system is adhered to except in cases where the proprietor sees fit, for satisfactory reasons, to send the paper, and that the names of numbers in arrears have been erased from the books, the list is still increasing, and the influence and prosperity of the paper are extending every week.

We want to see the Observer and Gazette a regular weekly visitor in every family in all the Cape Fear section—both for the sake of the families and for our own sake (but chiefly for our own sake); and we make the following liberal offer, good until the 1st of May, and to embrace the counties of Columbus, Brunswick, New Hanover, Pender, Duplin, Bladen, Sampson, Wayne, Johnston, Chatham, Guilford, Randolph, Montgomery, Moore, Richmond, Robeson, Harnett and Cumberland:

We will send the Observer and Gazette for 6 months, free, to the first person making application for the paper from any post-office in any of the above-named counties which has no subscriber to the paper. Inquire of your postmaster if his office has a subscriber to the Observer and Gazette: if not, send us a postal card, with your name and address, and receive the paper free for 6 months.

CHEAP READING!

Two Good Newspapers for $2.75!

Having made arrangements with the proprietors of the *Detroit Free Press*, we will furnish that paper and the Observer and Gazette for one year at the low price of $2.75.

It is needless for us to particularize the merits of the *Detroit Free Press*—its reputation is not confined even to the United States, but is almost world-wide. It is a large eight-page weekly paper, embracing in its different departments the choicest selections in literature, science, art, news, humor, etc., etc.

Supply yourselves and families for the coming year with excellent newspaper reading by subscribing to the Observer and Gazette and *Free Press*.

Commissioners' Court.

Press of time and space delays the publication of the proceedings of the County Commissioners until next week.

The Time Extended.

Our offer of "Six Months' Reading Free" expired by limitation with the first of this month. We have extended it, however, to Saturday, 15th inst., at which time the list will be finally closed.

Iron for the Wilson Short-Cut.

Large quantities of iron rails are in transit and being received for the Wilson Short-cut R. R.; 25 or 30 car-loads had been delivered up to last Tuesday, with more to follow immediately.

Shoe Heel Notes.

We are glad to give our readers the first instalment from the offerings of our entertaining Shoe Heel correspondent, who will hereafter keep us informed of events in that thriving town and prosperous section.

Railroad Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley R. R. is held in Greensboro to-day. Our next issue will contain a full account of the proceedings by the reporter of the Observer and Gazette.

Religious Notice.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Dr. H. G. Hill, Rev. Joseph Evans will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning and afternoon. He will also preside at an important congregational meeting which will be held on Monday, May 10, at 8 P. M.

Baptist Sunday School Union Picnic.

Next Wednesday, 12th inst., the Baptist Sunday School of Fayetteville will meet that of the church at Clio, S. C., at Red Springs, where a union picnic of the two large schools, with their many friends and invited guests, will be held.

Quarterly Conference.

The Rev. S. D. Adams, Presiding Elder of the Fayetteville District, conducted quarterly conference in the church here this week, the Campbellton Mission being included in its proceedings on Monday afternoon. On Tuesday he held the quarterly meeting in the Sandy Ridge church of the Cumberland circuit.

Union Sunday School Picnic.

The Sunday Schools of the Fayetteville and Bennettsville Methodist Churches will hold a union picnic at Red Springs on Friday, the 14th inst. The two organizations are flourishing and strong in numbers, with an extensive following of friends and well-wishers, and a large attendance may be expected on the occasion.

Union Home and Hospital.

The ladies of the Association will please remember the meeting of the Union Home and Hospital this (Thursday) afternoon at 5 o'clock in the hall of the Fayetteville Library.

The following were contributors to the hospital during the month of April: Mrs. Dr. Haigh, Mrs. J. D. McNeill, Mrs. T. S. Lutterloh, Mrs. W. A. Guthrie, Mrs. G. P. McNeill, Mrs. J. C. Thomson.

An Appointment in England.

Maj. John N. Prior left Fayetteville last week, having received a responsible and lucrative appointment under government at Manchester, England—the post of Inspector of Dry Goods, having been recommended to the position by Capt. E. J. Hale, United States Consul at Manchester. Maj. Prior is a man of fine business capacity and experience, fitted by a service of many years for the duties which will now come within his province. It is a little singular that at New York city he strikes the same ocean steamer to bear him across the Atlantic which will have as passengers Mrs. and Miss Wheeler who recently visited Fayetteville, and are now on their way to Europe.

Visiting Clergymen in Our Pulpits.

Rev. S. D. Adams, Presiding Elder of the Fayetteville District, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church last Sunday morning, selecting as his text the 15th verse of the 144th psalm: "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." The discourse, delivered with the fervor and earnestness which are always characteristic of the speaker's utterances, set forth the Creator's divine plan and appointment in the institution of the solemn contract and estate of marriage, the union of man and wife, the relation of parent and child, as necessary to not only the full fruition of human happiness, but also to the completeness of religious life: "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." A beautiful picture was drawn of the family altar, the open Bible and the voice of the head of the household raised in supplication to the Most High. A very large congregation was assembled in the church, and the interest of the exercises was enhanced by fine music.

A friend, to whom we have been more than once indebted for interesting notes, gives us the following report of the services at Campbellton Mission, Rev. Jno. H. Hall preaching from the text: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

His exposition of the great truths taught in this brief passage of inspired writ was remarkably plain and explicit, well calculated to strengthen the believer who accepts the benefits of this great salvation, and to arouse and alarm the thoughtless and impenitent sinner who neglects the interests of his soul.

While our good old town has been giving to the world a share of its statesmen, soldiers and educators, the Master of the vineyard has been claiming some of our noble boys for Himself: Rose, Huske, McDuffie, Watson, Hall and others have emerged from Fayetteville homes and gone out as reapers into the harvest of souls, to take the place of those who have gathered up their sheaves and gone rejoicing home. God buries his workmen and carries on his work.

At night the pastor, the Rev. J. J. Grigg, preached from Matthew, chap. 10, v. 32 and 33. We will not make the attempt to give any outlines of this sermon; we can only say, go down and hear him.

Obituary.

The following tribute in the Washington, D. C., *Star* of the 1st inst.—from the pen, we think, of Mr. Wm. Pierce Bell—to the excellent qualities and many virtues of the late William Harmon Bayne, will be read with interest by many of the readers of the Observer and Gazette who knew and esteemed the deceased:

Respected by all who knew him, beloved by all his intimates, William Harmon Bayne, Agent of Adams Express Company, at the F-street office, in Washington, D. C., passed to his final earthly rest on Thursday, April 22, 1886.

In the vigor of manhood, not having yet reached his forty-fifth birthday, Mr. Bayne was called from the scenes of his usefulness, leaving a vacant place it will be very difficult to fill.

The nature of his business made his acquaintance far more extensive than is usual. Few men were as widely known; none more spoken of with honor; few possessed more of business ability, none were better qualified for the arduous position he occupied, requiring, as it did, great suavity, patience, clear appreciation, quick decision, the most retentive memory, nerve and sterling integrity.

That Mr. Bayne possessed all of these rare qualifications in a remarkable degree was proven not only by the trust reposed in him by the Express Company, but by the vast numbers that gathered at his funeral—one of the largest private ones ever in the city—and the exceedingly numerous and elaborate floral tributes that shrouded him with flowers, and these came from all classes, notably from his business associates, from the poor, for he was ever their friend and a liberal giver, as well as the rich, and spoke with the deepest regret and most heartfelt sympathy for the one gone and the widow and her semi-orphaned boy who remained to journey on husbandless and fatherless.

Very few men will be more missed from the business circle than Mr. Bayne; none more from the social one of which he was a part. Honest and honorable in life, he will be long and truly mourned, not forgotten. When his name is spoken it will be reverently by every lip, and countless hands will lovingly and tenderly lay upon his grave the amaranth and asphodel.

Rev. Jno. M. Rose.

Rev. Jno. M. Rose, one of our own people, whose honored career in christian work we follow with much interest and pride, and one of whose excellent sermons it is sometimes our own good fortune to hear, when he pays his old home an occasional visit, has taken pastoral charge of his church at Greenville, S. C., and the Greenville *Enterprise and Mountaineer* has the following to say of his arrival and reception in that city and of his sermon on Sunday, 25th ult.:

Rev. J. M. Rose, Jr., the newly-elected pastor of the Washington Street Church, arrived in this city on Friday morning last with his family, consisting of his wife and two children, and they were met at the Air-Line depot by several of the Church's officers and members. He has taken lodgings at the Mansion House, where he will continue to stay for such period of time as is necessary for a preparation to the occupation of a residence.

On Sunday morning he occupied the pulpit of the Church under his new pastoral relations, and delivered an able and effective sermon, in which he presented truths in a clear and able manner, abounding in flights of eloquence. He made a most pleasing impression on the large congregation that was present, for his abilities. Those we have heard express an opinion with reference to the effort on the occasion here alluded to, speak of it in high terms of praise. We predict for Mr. Rose an acceptable pastorate, as well as one of high usefulness in the building up of the interests of the Church, both spiritual and temporal.

"Thou Needst Not Shrink."

The following poetic *morceau*—from the facile and graceful pen of Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale, of Brooklyn, now a guest of Dr. S. J. Hinsdale on Haymount—first appeared in the *Sunday School Times*, and has since been extensively copied by the press for its charming rhythm and beautiful sentiment:

Wilt thou sit down,
O weary soul!
And let the night of faithless fears
Upon thee roll?

Wilt thou refuse
Of God to ask
Where thou shalt find the needed straw
To fill thy task?

Canst thou not trust
The obedient sea
To build its waves a crystal wall
To shelter thee?

Art thou afraid
Of desert sands,
Of fiery wound and fierce assault
From cruel hands?

Strengthen thy faith
With heavenly bread
Of promise sweet. Lo! midst thy foes
A feast outspread!

Go forward, go—
From Jordan's tide
Thou needst not shrink.—Love's welcome waits
On yonder side.

Thy pilgrim staff
Death takes from thee,
And thou, within our Father's house,
At home shalt be!

Monument to Stonewall Jackson.

Mr. H. L. Hoover, Gen. Agt. of the Jackson Memorial Association of Lexington, Va., gave us the pleasure of a visit last Thursday. Mr. Hoover is traveling in this State in the interest of the Jackson Monument fund, and while here secured the consent of Capt. A. B. Williams to act as agent in receiving and forwarding all contributions to this noble object, and of Mr. J. W. Atkinson to solicit donations. The matter could not be in better hands—two gallant soldiers, who have the esteem and trust of all our people.

General and Special Premiums.

The following general and special premiums for Department A., Field Crops, have been offered for the next Annual Fair of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society—the former, by the Association, the latter, by the business men of Fayetteville:

F. W. Thornton, $25 cash for best exhibition by a farmer in field products and live stock.

For largest crop of corn grown on one acre of lowland, not less than 75 bushels, $10; also, J. Samuel Maultsby, cotton sweep.

For largest crop of corn grown on one acre of upland, not less than 40 bushels, $5; also, A. S. Huske & Co., Boy Clipper plow; also, W. J. Green, 5 gallons of wine.

For largest yield of cotton on one acre, not less than 2,000 lbs., $15; also, J. Sam'l Maultsby, cotton sweep.

For best bale of cotton, not less than 450 lbs., exhibited by the producer, $5; also, J. N. Smith & Co., 2 gallons of gin oil; also, B. E. Sedberry, 1 gallon of gin oil; also, J. & O. Evans, 2 bushels of cotton seed.

For largest yield of wheat on one acre, Merchant Mills, $5.

For largest crop of oats, rye, field peas and rice on one acre, $5 each.

For largest crop of sweet potatoes, on not less than half an acre and not less than 300 bushels to the acre, $5; also, A. S. Huske & Co., Boy Clipper plow; also, J. Sam'l Maultsby, No. 50 plow.

For largest yield of native grass on one acre, $5; also, A. Overbaugh, Poland China pig.

For largest yield of turnips on one acre, $3; also, Walter Watson's half-dozen Planters' steel hoes.

For largest crop of millet on one acre, not less than 4,000 lbs., $3.

For largest yield of peanuts on one acre, $3; also, J. W. Hollingsworth, No. 40 plow.

For largest yield of clover on one acre, $5; for largest crop of chufas and orchard grass, $3 each.

The committee will not award any premium where the yield is not creditable.

The measurement of the land and the quantity raised per acre must be vouched for by two respectable and disinterested witnesses.

The above premiums are offered to the counties of Cumberland, Sampson, Johnston, Moore, Harnett, Chatham, Randolph, Guilford, Montgomery, Richmond, Robeson, Bladen and Pender.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Programme of the Ceremonies.

The procession will form at 4½ o'clock P. M., on Hay street, in front of the Cumberland House, in the following order:

Chief Marshal and Assistants.
Band.
Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry.
Chicora Steam Fire Engine Company.
Ex-Confederate Soldiers.
Fayetteville Graded School.
Miss Ellison's School, Miss Rishton's School, Miss Mallett's School.
Orator, Chaplain and Officers of Ladies' Memorial Association.
Citizens in carriages and on foot.

The column will move down Hay street to Green, thence by the usual route to the Cemetery, on arrival at which it will enter the grounds in reverse order.

The ceremonies will be in the following order:

Decoration of the Graves.
Prayer.
Oration.
Music.
Salute by the Military.

The ladies are requested to meet with floral decorations at the Cumberland House by 4 o'clock. It is respectfully asked that business be suspended, doors be closed and all participate in the Memorial celebration. The sextons of the different churches are requested to toll their bells during the movement of the procession.

GEO. A. THOMSON,
Chief Marshal.

Complete and Comfortable Throughout.

The other day we were both surprised and pleased at the great changes and improvements which have been made in the Otterboarg building, now occupied by Mr. Chas. Glover with the Fayetteville Hotel. On every floor the facilities are ample and unexcelled for the comfort and entertainment of guests. Ours was no cursory glance here and there, but a thorough examination of the whole establishment, to assure ourselves of the excellence and extent of its accommodations. In every sleeping chamber from the third to the first floor handsome furniture—modern bedsteads, bureaux and wash-stands, with the accompaniments of irreproachable bed linen and other furniture—are provided, while the parlor is pleasant and homelike. Not only that—through the kindness of Mrs. Glover, a most excellent housekeeper and admirable manager of the domestic economy of a large establishment, we were permitted to satisfy ourselves that the guest may confidently expect here good results from the cook's domain, as nothing is lacking in the culinary arrangements of a well-kept kitchen and the setting forth of a well-served table.

What One of the Family Thinks.

The Goldsboro *Messenger*, the most extensively circulated paper in this Congressional district, makes the following comments upon the Democratic National Campaign Committee, with deservedly complimentary allusion to our Representative, Hon. Wharton J. Green:

The new National Campaign Committee is a good one. There are some very capable men upon it, and all of the members are gentlemen who have been reputably active in political life. It is an honor conferred on our gallant Representative to place him third on the small committee which is expected to bear the brunt of the coming important campaign—an honor which he will wear with great grace and worthiness. Col. Green has gained steadily on public regard since he has been in Congress. Identified personally with the agricultural interests, which include so much of everything that is North Carolinian, he is yet fair to men of all vocations, and positively unswerving in his Democracy. Col. Green will make one of the best committeemen the party has had. He is fully as generous as zealous.

Memorial Services of the Bar.

His Honor Judge Boykin has set apart the afternoon of next Saturday, at 3 o'clock, as the time for the presentation of appropriate resolutions and for memorial services by the Fayetteville bar in tribute of respect to the late Philemon Holland, Jr. Ladies are invited to attend, for whom seats will be provided; and the high esteem in which the lamented deceased was held in the community will invest the proceedings of Saturday afternoon with unusual interest.

Superior Court.

The May term of the Superior Court of Cumberland county convened last Monday, the 3rd inst., to last two weeks, for the trial of civil cases only—his Honor Judge Boykin on the bench. He has a heavy docket and an arduous task before him, to which he addresses himself with his wonted ability and zeal. We published the calendar last week for the information of our readers, and after the close of the court we will give whatever may be of general interest.

Sunday School Anniversary.

The anniversary celebration of the Hay Street Sunday School of the Methodist Church will take place next Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in the church building. Interesting exercises—embracing an address to the school, the reports of the superintendent and other officers, sacred music, etc.—will be held, in which the other Sunday Schools of the different churches and the public generally are invited to participate.

The Tenth of May.

In another column Mr. Geo. A. Thomson, Chief Marshal, publishes his programme of the beautiful and imposing ceremonies of the memorial celebration on Monday afternoon. The selection by the ladies of the association of the Rev. J. T. Gibbs as orator of the occasion is an admirable one; and, notwithstanding the brief time permitted and the pressure of arduous pastoral and ministerial duties, we feel assured of hearing such an address as will befit the impressive observance.

LOCAL TWINKLINGS.

Capt. N. A. Ramsey, of Durham, has been visiting Fayetteville.

Mr. Fred. Bryan, of New Berne, is paying a visit to Capt. and Mrs. John B. Broadfoot.

Hon. W. J. Green left for Washington last Tuesday afternoon, *via* Wilmington, making but a short stay at home.

Mrs. Marsh is making great improvements in her residence on Hay street—remodeling the front and putting in new windows.

Messrs. C. C. Lyon, of Bladen, W. E. Murchison, of Moore, and D. H. McLean, of Harnett, have been in attendance on Superior Court.

Messrs. James Thames and J. S. Breece, two of our enterprising truckers and fruit growers, had fine strawberries in market last Saturday.

Don't fail to go to Brandt's Hall to-morrow evening to enjoy the sparkling of the "Bright Jewels" of the Methodist Sunday School. Ice cream, cake, fruits, etc., will be served.

Three members of the press—Messrs. J. A. Williams, of the *Live Stock Journal*, Cobb, of the Goldsboro *Messenger*, and Frank Stedman, of the Wilmington *Star* have visited Fayetteville within the past few days.

Col. Murdoch McRae, of Raemont, on the South Carolina line, paid us a pleasant visit this week—one of the energetic and public-spirited citizens of his section, which we hope soon to see connected with Fayetteville by rail.

Last Thursday several barrels of illicit brandy were knocked down under the hammer of Capt. Chas. Glover, Auctioneer—seized some time since by Col. Pemberton, Deputy Revenue Collector; and sold under the provisions of the law.

More improvements on Hay street: About the 1st of June Mr. F. W. Thornton will commence tearing down the two stores on south Hay street, now occupied by his clothing department, Mr. W. G. Hall superintendent, preparatory to the erection of a handsome building on the site.

We were unable to gather any points of the Odd Fellows' Excursion yesterday before going to press, but we doubt not that every one participating thoroughly enjoyed themselves—with the grateful shades and cool water of Red Springs, the excellent music of the Fayetteville Cornet Band, the contents of well furnished baskets, etc.

Tokay is fairy-land now, with its generous foliage, bursting fruitage and rich verdure. A pleasant ride to the vineyard the other afternoon and a delightful visit of an hour or two imbued us with all the charms of the lovely place. Mr. McBaie cannot but be happy in his fair realm of trailing vine and flower and fruit—for hardly a spot in all nature's kingdom could be brighter.

We regret to say that we hear frequent complaints of carlessness in the mail service on the railroad—want of promptness in the delivery of letters, newspaper packages, etc. A gentleman from the lower end of the line was brought to Fayetteville last week, at a cost of time and money, simply because a letter which he should have received was delayed through negligence.

In our last week's mention of the funeral ceremonies attending the death of Mr. Bayne, former editor of the *North Carolinian*, we omitted the fact that the Independent Light Infantry, Maj. A. M. Campbell commandant, participated in the services as well as his own company, the Rifles. Before his death Mr. Bayne asked that the Independent Company form part of his funeral escort.

In this district we have not only an able, efficient member of Congress, but a handsome member of Congress; and when newspapers abroad slap in great, staring wood-cuts of Col. Green, giving him the appearance of not having quite made up his mind whether to become a Texas cow-boy or a New York alderman—it grates on our sensibilities just like scratching on the wall with long finger-nails.

Occasional Sparks from the "Heel."

We expect some day to have a more euphonious name for our city than we now enjoy—not that we expect to *marry*, but will get it by adoption.

Our town election came off last Saturday, May 1. The issue mainly was "wet" and "dry." "Wet" prevailed by a small majority. There was not much feeling in the matter, except that of regret by the best people of the town and community that his "Satanic majesty" and followers were retained in power.

A severe hail-storm visited this section last Friday afternoon, and some of the oldest citizens say they never saw the like before. South of us the stones were very large and poured down in torrents, doing great damage to garden and field, even stripping bare the the forest pine, which had withstood the blast and tempest of many winters.

We notice that the Buncombe county legislators are on the eve of a duel, all about the "stock law." Well, our community is in a disordered state over the same subject, but the fight is entirely between planters. We hope an end will be put to it, however, by an order of the board of Commissioners on yesterday, that gates be erected on public roads leading into the stock-law territory, which before seemed to be the bone of contention.

Our boys are making ready for the 20th, and we hope nothing will transpire to retard, mar or in any way interfere with the pleasures of the occasion.

Politics are beginning to *sprout*—retarded somewhat by the late spring, but as yet they are not far enough advanced to tell who will reap the fruits thereof. O. C. S.

Death of Col. Fremont.

From the Wilmington Star, May 4th.

Col. S. L. Fremont died at Memphis, Tenn., yesterday morning very suddenly. His death is supposed to have resulted from heart disease.

Col. Fremont was an old army officer and served with distinction in the Florida and Mexican wars. He resigned from the army in 1854 and engaged in civil pursuits. For many years he was Superintendent of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, and for a few years thereafter was Superintendent of the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherfordton Railroad. During the war he served the Confederacy as Colonel of Engineers, constructing many works of fortification in this State and elsewhere. He was aged about seventy years and a native of New Hampshire. At the time of his death he was in government employ as an engineer.

Probable End of the Railroad Strike.

St Louis, May 3, 1886.—Chairman Curtin, of the Congressional Investigating Committee, busied himself during the greater part of yesterday in an attempt to end the Gould South-west system strike. He had a conference, which lasted from noon until late in the afternoon, with the members of the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, and afterwards called upon Hoxie, Vice President of the Missouri Pacific Company. He then returned to his hotel and conferred a second time with the Knights of Labor. The result of all this conferring cannot be positively known; but it is confidently expected that the outcome will be an end of the strike during the next thirty-six hours.

Secretary Manning Will Resign.

Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.

Washington, April 28, 1886.—When the President called upon Secretary Manning a day or two since, the question of the Secretary's resuming his duties was discussed. Mr. Manning spoke of the serious nature of his attack and what a narrow escape he had made, and then told the President candidly that he had come to the conclusion that it was best for him not to go back to the Treasury. The President, of course, regretted this decision, but could not gainsay the argument of the Secretary. It was understood, however, between them that Mr. Manning will not at present send in his resignation, but will give the President ample time to look around for a proper successor. Assistant Secretary Fairchild, who has been acting as Secretary during the illness of Mr. Manning, may possibly be appointed, although it is reported in inside circles that the President contemplates selecting some one who will be acceptable to the stalwart element of the Democracy, which is now so thoroughly dissatisfied.

No Business Going on in the Lumber District.

Chicago, May 3, 1886.—Up to 9:30 o'clock no trouble has been reported in the lumber district. Firms located at south Chicago are working as usual to-day, but in the lumber district proper no work at all is being done. A large fleet of lumber-laden craft is blocking the river near the lumber exchange. None of the cargoes will be bought or unloaded until the present difficulties are settled. It is stated that upwards of 300 more vessels with cargoes of lumber are on their way here. Not a mill in the district started running this morning. The Lake Shore men in the out freight houses, about 65, made a demand this morning for an increase of wages from $1.50 to $1.75 a day, in the case of laborers, and from $55 to $60 a month for check clerks. They said they were willing to work ten hours a day. The company was given until May 5 to return an answer. The agent said he would refer the request to higher officials and in the meantime the men are at work.

The Board of Medical Examiners.

From the Raleigh News and Observer.

The State Board of Medical Examiners meets in New Berne May 18. Every practitioner graduating since 1880 has to pass an examination before this board, which is composed of Dr. Wm. R. Wood, of Scotland Neck, president; Dr. P. L. Murphy, Morganton; Dr. Frank Duffy, New Berne; Dr. J. A. Reagan, Weaversville; Dr. Willis Alston, Littleton, and Dr. W. J. H. Bellamy, Wilmington.

Tobacco Crop Prospects in Buncombe.

The Asheville *Advance* has made inquiries of farmers from different sections of Buncombe county in regard to the prospects of the tobacco crop of 1886. In most sections plants are plentiful and more healthy than usual. The crop in Buncombe county this year, however, will not be so large as that of last year. The acreage will be greatly reduced.

GENERAL FAYETTEVILLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1886.

N. C. Bacon—		Hides—	
Hog Round,	11½@12	Flint—good,	12@13
Sides,	11	Flint—damaged,	5@8
Hams,	12½@13	Dry Salt,	9@10
West. Bulk Meats—		Green,	4½
Sides,	6½	Iron—	
Shoulders,	5½	American,	3
Western Bacon—		Swedes,	5@6
Sides,	7½	Lard—	
Hams,	14@15	N. Carolina,	10
Shoulders,	6	Western,	8@10
Bagging,	10½@12	Leather—	
Beef—		Upper, country,	35@40
On foot,	2@3	Sole, Hemlock,	25@27
Dressed,	6@7	Harness, c'ntry,	25@30
Beeswax,	20@21	Molasses,	25@40
Butter—		Nails—	
North Carolina,	20@25	(10d basis),	2.75
Northern,	25@35	Pork—	
Coffee—		Fresh,	(None.)
Java,	22@25	Mess,	(None.)
Rio,	10@12½	Potatoes—	
Cotton Yarns,	85@95	Sweet,	50
Cotton Ties,	1.15@1.40	Irish—bbl.,	3.00
Chickens,	27@30	Salt,	@90
Eggs,	11@12½	Sugars—	
Flour—		Coffee,	7½@8
N. C. Family,	(None.)	Granulated,	8½@9½
West. Fam.,	4.00@7.00	Sheetings,	6
Fodder,	85	Shucks,	45
Grain—		Tallow,	5
Corn—new,	60	Wool,	16
Oats,	55@60	Spirits—	
Rye,	90	Corn Whisky,	1.45
Peas—new,	65	Rye Whisky,	1.65
Hay—		Apple Brandy,	1.65
N. Carolina,	40@60	Peach Brandy,	2.00
Northern,	1.00@1.20		

Fayetteville Cotton and Naval Stores Market.

COTTON.—The market opened on Monday of this week at 8½@8¾ cents, remaining on Tuesday and yesterday at the same price.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits was weak yesterday at 29½ cents.

Rosin was dull, prices ranging from 55 and 65 cents for common.

Crude Turpentine—Hard none, Yellow Dip $1.75, Virgin $2.50.

Wilmington Market.

Special Telegram to Observer and Gazette.

Wilmington N. C., May 5, 1886.—Middling cotton easy at 9 cents. Spirits steady at 32 cents. Rosin firm at 80 cents for Strained and 82½ cents for Good Strained.

Worth & Worth.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Pair of Kid Gloves.

The publishers of "The Housekeeper," (which is one of the best monthlies published relating to Housekeeping) offer an excellent pair of Kid Gloves, choice of several shades, to any lady who makes up a club of three subscribers under a special offer made in the last number, which is sent free to any address.

BUCKEYE PUBLISHING CO.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE GREATEST ENEMY TO CHILDREN is worms. Shriner's Indian Vermifuge will save them from ruin. Only 25 cents a bottle. Try it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Town Property
FOR SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, in proceedings instituted in Cumberland and transferred to the Superior Court of Harnett County, the undersigned will expose to public sale, at the Market House in Fayetteville, on Monday, 24th May, inst., at 12 o'clock M., that valuable lot at the foot of Haymount, south side Hay street, on which is a church building, formerly known as the Methodist Protestant Church, containing about one-half acre, more or less.

Terms:—One-third cash; balance on six months' credit, note at 8 per cent. interest from day of sale. Title retained until paid.

S. J. HINSDALE,
W. N. TILLINGHAST,
JAS. C. MacRAE,
R. P. BUXTON, Att'y. Trustees.
CHAS. GLOVER, Auctioneer.
May 6, 1886. 3t

A BARGAIN.

PAPERS BY THE HUNDRED FOR SALE at the office of the Observer and Gazette at a low price. This will be found very cheap wrapping and waste paper for laying down carpets, &c

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wearers of Clothing!

On or about the 1st of June I will commence tearing down the two stores now occupied by me as a Clothing Store, for the purpose of REBUILDING.

That leaves say 30 DAYS in which to close out the

LARGE STOCK OF
CLOTHING

now contained in the buildings.

Heavy and Sweeping Reductions

in all classes of CLOTHING will be made from this date until sold out.

Our Stock is the LARGEST, MOST VARIED AND COMPLETE in the city, and

RARE OPPORTUNITIES

are here offered to obtain Clothing

At Prices NEVER BEFORE KNOWN in Fayetteville.

All the goods offered are perfectly new, fresh and desirable, but must be disposed of to make room for improvements.

FRANK THORNTON.
may 6 3t

At S. Brandt's.

A NEW STYLE OF PRINTS

Just arrived from Europe.

LINEN CALICO,
LAWN OF DIFFERENT PATTERNS,
At 4 cents per yard.

At S. BRANDT'S.

—*FOR SUMMER DRESSES:*—
Brocades, etc., etc.
At S. BRANDT'S.

LADIES', MISSES' AND INFANTS
SHOES
OF THE FINEST QUALITY,
At S. BRANDT'S.

PHILADELPHIA-MADE
Gaiters and Shoes
For Gentlemen and Youths,
At S. BRANDT'S.
may 6 4t

Dime Party.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 7, the "Bright Jewels" of the M. E. Sunday School will give a Dime Party at Brandt's Hall. The public are cordially invited.

Ice Cream, Cake, Fruits, etc.
may 6 1t

Lost.

CERTIFICATE OF STOCK NO. 339 in the People's National Bank, Fayetteville, N. C., for 11 (eleven) shares, favor of R. M. Gorrell. Application has been made for a new certificate, and above number will be declared void.

may 6 2t pd G. P. McNEILL, Cashier.

WANTED IN FAYETTEVILLE.

An energetic business woman to solicit and take orders for **The MADAME GRISWOLD Patent Skirt Supporting Corset.** These Corsets have been extensively advertised and sold by lady canvassers the past ten years, which, with **their superiority,** has created **a large demand** for them throughout the United States, and any lady who gives her time and energy to canvassing for them can soon build up a **permanent and profitable** business. They are not sold by merchants, and we **give exclusive territory,** thereby giving the agent entire control of these **superior corsets** in the territory assigned her. We have a large number of agents who are making a grand success selling these goods and we desire such in every town. Address **MME. GRISWOLD & CO., 923 Broadway, New York.** may 6 1m

THRESHING MACHINES
A SPECIALTY.

Simplest, Most Durable, Economical and Perfect in use. Wastes no Grain; Cleanses it Ready for Market.

THRESHING ENGINES & HORSE POWERS, Saw Mills and Standard Implements generally. Send for illustrated catalogue

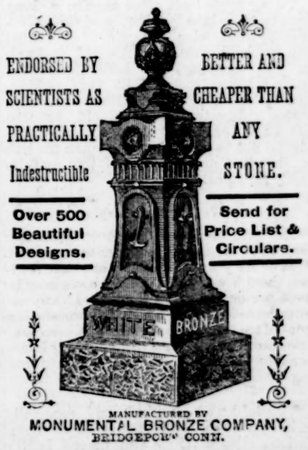
A. B. FARQUHAR,
Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.
may 6-1m

Buist's Flower Seed.

While we believe them SUPERIOR, they are also CHEAPER than the Commission Flower Seeds on the market.

At PEMBERTON & PRIOR'S
mch 25 tf NEW DRUG STORE.

THE ONLY INDESTRUCTIBLE MONUMENT MADE!



ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY Indestructible

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.

Over 500 Beautiful Designs.

Send for Price List & Circulars.

MANUFACTURED BY
MONUMENTAL BRONZE COMPANY,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

J. B. STARR, Agent,
dec 24 tf Fayetteville, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANY ONE HAVING
A Good, Reliable Horse
FOR SALE,
May call at Headquarters,
G. A. THOMSON.

1,800
Large Cucumber Pickles
for sale by count; ready for table use, at
G. A. THOMSON'S,
Headquarters.

N. C. Roe Herrings
At Headquarters,
G. A. THOMSON.

THE FAMOUS
BOSS LUNCH
MILK BISCUIT

Has No Equal
IN AMERICA.

With Nicely Chipped Beef or our Full Cream Cheese

Time is equalized with pleasure and profit.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
TEAS
TEAS TEAS TEAS
Of Every Kind:

Teas to drink with the Boss Milk Biscuit,

MY BLENDED TEA—
GREEN AND BLACK TEA,

And "Teas" to Drink it out of,

Lovely, Good, Common and Commonest.

HEADQUARTERS:
The Place to Tease the Appetites and Tastes

Of the Well, the Sick, the Strong, the Weak, the Rich, the Poor, the Big and the Little.

Little Children, Call and Get a Chromo.

GEO. A. THOMSON,
Headquarters.

A FRESH LOT OF
CANDY,
Oranges,
Lemons,
Bananas,
Figs,
Dates and
Chewing Gum
At Headquarters.
GEO. A. THOMSON.

BAKING POWDERS.

PATAPSCO,
HORSFORD'S,
SEA FOAM,
SPOON,
LION'S,
CAROLINA,
PHOENIX,
CREAM TARTAR
And BI-CARB SODA,
At Headquarters.
GEO. A. THOMSON.

PUPPIES IN SOAP.

From Mirror and Farmer, Manchester, N. H.

I was in New York last week Tuesday. And as I was on my way up —— street at six o'clock I saw a little colored boy ahead of me carrying a black dog, which, I noticed, was dead. Thinking the little fellow had lost a playmate, I said to him, "Did your dog die, my boy?" "Lor', no," answered the ragamuffin, "tain't mine! Tom Fletcher's dog it is. Got shot. I am takin' it to the soap works. Git a quarter for it, for soap grease!" He turned down an alley, and just ahead I saw the soap works where my favorite soap is manufactured!" Oh, how disgusted I was! I went home at night, still full of indignation for—what do you think?—I had for months washed my dishes with that very soap! Oh, paugh! No more soap in my dish-pan. I began that evening to wash in clear water, but, to my mortification, my dishes, that I had always been so proud of because they were nice and bright after washing, looked dull and dingy. By next day noon I was discouraged, and forthwith sought out Mrs. Clary, my neighbor, who is the pink of propriety among housekeepers. I was determined that my misery should have company, and, therefore, I told Mrs. Clary all about that *cause soap.* And she only smiled! "Why," she said, I, never use soap; but in my dish-water I put Pearline, the same as we do in our wash-tubs; it takes off all grease and stains, and—there are no puppies in it!" I said no more, but adopted her plan, and am satisfied. But others may be as careless as I was, so in all humility I write unto you. Never put soap on a dish you eat out of or from, when you can get Pearline. L. C. M.

PEARLINE
FOR SALE BY
All FIRST-CLASS Grocers.
GEO. A. THOMSON,
Headquarters.
apl 13-tf

Little Giffin, of Tennessee.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital wall as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!)
Spectre such as we seldom see—
Little Giffin, of Tennessee.

"Take him—and welcome," the doctor said;
"Much your doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus from heels to head!

Weary war with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture—how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Spoke of the spirit that would not die.

And didn't! Nay more, in death's despite,
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then,
"Dear Captain"—inquiring about "the men."
Captain's answer—"Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive!"

"Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"
Little Giffin was up and away.
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint in his steel-blue eye;
"I'll write, if spared." There's news of a fight,
But none of Giffin. He did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here—
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffin, of Tennessee.

—*Francis O. Ticknor.*

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Old Soldier's Wooden Joke.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

On one of the out-going trains, an old soldier with a wooden leg, employed in the government offices in this city, came in contact with an uppish sort of porter—a brother to the insufferable swell who sings out, "Last call for dinnah in the dining-cah!"

The man with the wooden leg made up his mind that he would "wake that nigger up" before he "chipped in" his quarter. He told a couple of men in the car his purpose, and they joined in with him. He wears his shoe firmly fastened to the wooden leg, having no need to remove it, and having once fallen from a loose shoe. After his berth had been made up, he went to the dressing-room and unstrapped his leg, keeping hold of the strap, and then got to his berth. Then he called the porter:

"I have the rheumatism, and can't bend over," he said; "I wish you would pull off that shoe."

The porter untied the shoe and tried to pull it off, but it wouldn't come.

"Pull hard!" said the passenger.

The darkey gave another pull.

"Oh, brace against the berth and pull!" said the passenger.

The porter had blood in his eye. He put his foot against the berth and pulled like a dentist. The passenger let go the strap, and the darkey fell back with the shoe and the leg.

"Great Lord!" shrieked the passenger; "you've pulled off my leg!"

The porter dropped it, and with eyes bulging and teeth chattering he broke from the car. He concealed himself in a corner of the baggage-car, and pretty soon the two other conspirators entered; pretending that they did not know where he was, they sat down on a trunk and talked about the awful condition of the man whose leg had been pulled off, and the penalty the darkey would have to suffer, if caught. The porter was of no service to anybody that night, even after the joke was explained.

Wouldn't Take the Elevator.

From the Boston Gazette.

Smith, the actor, was rooming at the Sturtevant House last week, and came in the other night about 2 A. M., very full. As he rolled into the office, the porter asked him if he would take the elevator.

"No (hic), no, I'll walk (hic) upstairs; but I wansh you to beshure an' call me at tenner 'clock t'morrer mornin', sure."

Smith commenced to go up the marble stairway. He arrived at the tenth step all right, when he slipped, and landed on the floor below all in a heap. Not at all disconcerted, he picked himself up, zigzagged deliberately to the desk, and said with profound drunken solemnity:

"I just came down stairs (hic) 'xpressly to tell you (hic) to b'shure an' call me at tenner 'clock t'morrer."

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Olney Pudding.

Two eggs, four ounces of butter, four ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon and two large spoonfuls of marmalade or any other jam or jelly. Put the butter into a basin and stir to a cream; add the sugar; mix these well together with the flour and the eggs well-beaten; dissolve the soda in a teaspoonful of cold water, mix in the jam or jelly, and then add the soda; steam for two hours in a buttered mould, and serve with sweet sauce.

French Puff Paste.

One pint of flour, one pound of butter, two eggs, one lemon and a pinch of salt. Pour the flour into a bowl and make a hole in the centre of it, in which put the yolks of the eggs, the juice of the lemon, the salt, one-fourth of the butter and a little cold water; make into a paste, and dredge the board and rolling-pin with flour; roll out the paste very thin, putting little lumps of the butter over it at each rolling; fold it over three times, still buttering, which will form nine flakes. Set to cool a short time.

Strawberry Ice-Cream.

Four quarts of thick, sweet cream and four quarts of strawberries. The berries should be mashed or bruised, caps and all, with a teacupful of granulated sugar to each quart. After standing for several hours, pour the syrup through a coarse, thin cloth; put four teacupfuls of sugar to the cream, and then add the juice of the berries; whip or froth the cream well, and pour two-thirds of it into the freezer, reserving the remainder to pour in after it begins to freeze.

Blanc Mange.

Dissolve over the fire an ounce of isinglass or a box of gelatine in a gill of water. Pour the jelly into a quart of cream or mixed cream and milk, sweetened with half a pound of white sugar; boil rapidly in a porcelain kettle for half an hour; then strain, and add a quarter of a pound of almonds blanched and shaved fine; flavor with extract of vanilla, add a glassful of wine when cool, and pour into moulds until ready to serve.

Orange Jam.

Weigh the oranges before peeling, and allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Grate the peel of half the oranges, and add the sugar; open the oranges, and be very careful to get out the seeds and white strings; add the sugar and peel, with a little water, and boil for twenty minutes, or a little longer.

THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

Economy and Good Management Essential to Success.

S. J. Luther in Asheville Citizen.

I have read with interest some communications in your paper from one of my esteemed neighbors and friends, presenting the relative advantages of tobacco culture and grass-growing and stock-raising, to the disadvantage of the cultivation of tobacco as a judicious and profitable venture. All that your valued correspondent says of the advantages of grass-growing and stock-raising I heartily concur in; I also agree with him in his suggestions that an improper and careless cultivation of tobacco is not only unprofitable, but may lead to bad results.

But what I wish to show now is that the culture of tobacco is not in itself inimical to any interest, but can be made—as where properly managed it has been made—a most valuable and important auxiliary crop in this section. I will cite my own experience during the past year: I have sold my crop of tobacco for $800.00 cash, and to make and sell this crop cost about $300.00. In addition, I raised not only enough home supplies for all my needs, but I have sold in hay, Irish potatoes and other products, already, for cash, over $200.00 worth, and have enough remaining to sell to quite balance the cost of producing the entire tobacco crop—$300.00. I can name four or five of my neighbors who have succeeded proportionately as well with the amount under cultivation.

Now, I submit that no other crop, involving an equal outlay of labor, land and means, could have produced such results as tobacco. Your grass and stock correspondent will doubtless agree with me, but he will say that while I and a few others have succeeded, a large number of others have failed; this is no argument against tobacco in addition to other crops, but an argument against mismanagement on the part of the producer. While many have succeeded with grasses and stock, no one will insist that everyone gets rich, or even makes money—simply because all are not equally judicious in their management.

I believe that our people can do well with tobacco, and benefit the country at large, by proper management, while they will fail at that or anything else with improper management. All our farmers, who raise their own supplies and have a tobacco crop in addition, handling and cultivating it right, are making money and not hurting their lands. My advice to all farmers is to prepare for full supplies for home use, and then add a few acres of tobacco—and they will find it an important factor in advancing their own interests and building up their section.

Chickens vs. Cotton.

From the New Berne Journal.

There is now and then a farmer who keeps an accurate account of his expenditures and receipts in producing certain crops, but it is not often we find one who is willing for the public to have the benefit of his experience. Our friend Fountain Williams, of Jones county, sends us a statement of one of his tenants, Mr. John K. Humphrey, which shows the result of his experience with cotton and chickens for the year 1885.

At the beginning of the year Mr Humphrey had forty bushels of cotton seed for which he was offered five dollars, cash; but he had determined to make one acre rich for cotton, and refused the five dollars for the cotton seed and applied them with stable manure to this acre. After his cotton was up and growing, he made another application of stable manure. From this acre he obtained a bale of cotton which brought him $32. One half of this had to go to Mr Williams for land and team, which left him $16. The picking of the cotton was worth $6, leaving him $10; the cotton seed he applied as manure was worth $5, leaving him $5 for his stable manure and cultivating one acre in cotton.

But Mr Humphrey had better results from poultry raising. Last September he had twenty-five grown pullets which ate, up to the time of making this statement, two and one-half barrels of corn worth $7. From them he has sold eggs to the amount of $29; has fifty thrifty young chickens and three dozen more eggs just ready to hatch out.

According to Mr Humphrey's experience, twenty-five pullets are far more profitable than a rich acre in cotton, even if the farmer has the land of his own to cultivate.

Mode of Applying Fertilizers for Tobacco.

Planters differ in the manner of applying fertilizers, whether in the hill, drill or broadcast. That the same quantity will go further and produce larger results the first year, for the quantity used when applied in the hill or drill, is generally conceded. But advocates of broadcasting claim that when the crop, to which the fertilizer is applied, is to be followed by another in quick succession—to be sown in wheat as soon as the tobacco is removed—then broadcasting is the best, for reasons which seem too apparent to need explanation.

Having prepared the land for hilling, apply the fertilizer by whichever mode the planter prefers, and in such quantity as the natural strength of the soil indicates, laying off the rows three feet three inches apart, and making the hills about two feet ten inches distant from centre to centre. Mark the measure on the hoe-handle, and require the hillers to apply it frequently as a guide. The rows should be wider apart than the hills, to afford proper cultivation without breaking and bruising the plants at the final ploughing—a matter of no small importance, as the least blemish on a fine leaf nearly destroys its value as a wrapper.

Renovating Old Orchards.

Young apple trees often require a long time to come into bearing, and this is especially true where they are cultivated and liberally manured. An old orchard, on the contrary, can hardly have too much manure, but will be very productive with close praning rather than with severe cultivation. If the old orchard has been long unused to the plow, be careful not to plough except when the tree is dormant and injury to the roots is easily repaired.

Weeding Out Sheep.

The natural life of the sheep is shorter than that of any other domestic animal. Five or six years is the limit of prime feeders, though valuable feeding ewes may be kept one or two years longer. If any old ewes have lost their lambs the present is a good time to fatten them. The increased appetite which comes from bearing lambs continues, and goes to flesh and fat forming when the lamb is withdrawn or dies.

Vegetables of any kind, and especially onions, are relished by fowls of all ages. Onions chopped fine and placed in the soft food act as a stimulant and tonic. The tops are particularly good.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Items of Interest at Home and Abroad.

Cholera has appeared at Brindisi, Italy.

Over 2,000 women are compositors in Paris.

Ceylon now claims to grow the finest tea in the world.

There is a movement to make two States out of Kansas.

A cremation society is being organized at Newark, N. J.

A new English dictionary is coming out with 240,000 words.

Rev. Dr. Talmage receives on an average forty letters a day.

At a drum tap 9,000,000 soldiers could take arms in Europe.

Sampson Low, the oldest London book publisher, is dead in his ninetieth year.

Edward Atkinson says that a man can live comfortably on $200 a year in Boston.

It is estimated that 5,000 persons were converted by Jones and Small in Cincinnati.

Miss Kate Field, at Washington, is receiving much attention from prominent people.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Mrs. Mark Hopkins are said to be the richest women in the world.

The women students of the University of Michigan have organized for muscular development.

Professor Chevreul, of the celebrated Gobelins works, Paris, will soon reach his one hundreth year.

New Zealand, with a population of about 600,000, has a debt of nearly £31,000,000, or over $250 to each inhabitant.

General Schenck, who wrote the only work on poker which the British aristocracy could comprehend, is practicing law.

The golden wedding of President Porter, of Yale, was celebrated a few days since at his residence in New Haven.

Nine persons were killed and a number injured at Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, by the collapse and fall of a mansion.

The girls in the public schools of Brooklyn are compelled to commit to memory the Constitution of the United States.

Joaquin Miller is said to have written from Texas that he was on his way to Mexico, and would never return to civilization.

The Lutheran church in Wisconsin outnumbers all other Protestant churches combined, having upward of 90,000 communicants.

John H. Noyes, the founder of the Oneida community, died at his home, Niagara Falls, Ontario, a few days since, aged seventy-five years.

The Duke of Connaught, Queen Victoria's youngest son, will return to India for the next two years, to command a division of the Bengal army.

The Evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have closed their campaign in the South and retired, the former to Northfield, Mass., and the latter to Brooklyn.

New York city has only forty-seven dwelling houses which its fire department considers fireproof; seven are apartment and twenty-one private houses.

Japan, according to the new census, has a population of 38,500,000, or about the same as that of the United States in 1870. In area Japan is about three times the size of Pennsylvania.

VALUABLE INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS.

Silver Ore.

The richest silver ore in large bodies ever discovered in the United States was struck lately in the Iron Hill mine, near Deadwood, Dakota. Much of it assayed $15,000 to the ton.

Railroad and Ship Commerce.

The railroads of the world transport each year the almost incomprehensible amount of 1,250,000,000 tons of freight; the United States transport 400,000,000 tons. The nominal tonnage of the merchant marine of the world was 23,000,000 tons in 1885, an increase of 300 per cent. in 50 years. The over-sea commerce of the world is increasing at the rate of 75 per cent. every ten years.

Agricultural Implements.

Americans probably invest more money in farming tools than any other people. By the census of 1880 the value of agricultural implements made the previous year was $68,000,000. Ten years is a long life to the average of farm tools, and many are worthless after three or four years' use or rust. It is probable that the entire amount invested in farm tools now in use is nearly or quite $1,000,000,000.

A Nevada Borax Field.

From the Winnemucca Silver State.

Teel's marsh, in Nevada, is the most productive borax field on the Pacific coast. Its deposits cover ten square miles of surface, and it said to include chemically pure common salt, borax in three forms, sulphate of soda and carbonate of soda. The basin of Nevada, in which it is situated, is covered in many parts with dry, effervescent salts, washed in course of ages from the soda feldspar of the volcanic rocks and ridges of yellow lava which cover the country for miles. The waters of the lakes are heavy, appear like thin oil, smell like soap, possess great detersive qualities, are caustic as potash, and easily saponify.

Land in Great Britain.

The unequal distribution of land in Great Britain may be judged by the fact that seventy-five members of the new House of Commons own more than three thousand acres of land each, with a rental value of more than $15,000 a year. Two of these own 100,000 each, three more than 50,000 acres, and seventeen over 10,000 acres apiece. Sir John Ramsden's rentals are nearly one million dollars per annum; Sir John St. Aubyn's nearly half a million, and four others are over $150,000 per year. The rentals of twenty-eight members range from $50,000 to $150,000 each annually, and yet there is but comparatively little emigration from "the fast-anchored isle."

Potteries.

The amount of capital invested in potteries in this country now is $8,000,000, and the value of last year's product was about the same. Between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 are paid in wages, and the wages here are about 100 per cent. higher than those paid abroad. At the same time with the improvement in quality of our home-made crockery ware, there has been a great reduction amounting to nearly 50 per cent. in the price of it. Everything in the pottery line that is used in this country is now made here, from plain "stone china" and drain tiles up to the thinnest and most highly decorated table ware and the most beautiful ornamental tiles. The value of the imports of both the coarser grades of pottery and the finer wares has fallen off within five years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GRAPE CURE.

Sal-Muscatelle

IN AMERICA

WITHOUT THE EXPENSE OF AN EUROPEAN JOURNEY!

The crystallized salts, as obtained in a pure state fr grapes and choice fruit, in a portable, palatable, simple form, are now presented to the public of America as the grandest resolvent of impure blood, corrector of the liver and regulator of the bowels—the natural promoter of

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

Eminent physicians claim this achievement a new era in the allied science of medicine, as it furnishes the blood with its natural salines that are lost or eliminated every day.

Sal-Muscatelle

A POSITIVE, NATURAL

Sick Headache and Dyspepsia Cure.

Sal-Muscatelle is Nature's own product. It applies to the system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit: it is the simplest and best preventive and cure for all functional derangements of the liver and its kindred ailments; prevents the absorption of malarial diseases—fevers of all kinds; counteracts the effects of bad air, poor drainage and impure water; a powerful oxydizer of the blood; a natural specific for all skin eruptions, sick headaches, biliousness, nervousness, mental depression, and will remove the effects of accidental indigestion from excessive eating and drinking. Have it in your home and on your travels. It is a specific for the fagged, weary or worn-out.

Prepared by the
LONDON SAL-MUSCATELLE CO.,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Beware of imitations. The genuine in "blue wrapper only."

☞ Send for circulars to G. EVANOVITCH, General American Manager, P. O. Box 1968, New York City.
Mention this paper.

—AGENT—
E. E. SEDBERRY, Druggist,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
feb 4-1y

CALL AND SEE THE

AURORA

WATCH,

WHICH HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED BY

1,500

WATCHMAKERS

TO BE

The Best Made

FOR THE MONEY,

AND FOR WHICH WE ARE

SOLE AGENTS

AT

Prior's Jewelry Store.

jan 21 tf

JAS. R. McNEILL & SON,

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers,

Furniture Upholstered and Varnished.

ALWAYS on hand a full stock of Wooden, White Glass and Metalic Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes all sizes and styles.
All orders filled promptly *night* or day.

☞ Hearse furnished in town or country

We are also prepared to furnish

TOMBSTONES and MONUMENTS,

in any style. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. McNEILL & SON,
Fayetteville, N. C.
March 12, 1885. 109-tf

THOS. M. HUNTER, D. D. S.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Fayetteville and surrounding country.

OFFICE:
North-east corner Market Square.

April 29, 1880. tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Guano. Kainit. Acid.

The attention of FARMERS and the public generally is invited to the fact that I am now receiving my first consignment of

FERTILIZERS,

which consists of

4,000 BAGS SEA FOWL AND BRADLEY'S GUANO,
1,000 BAGS ACID, (Charleston),
1,000 " KAINIT, (German), *direct.*

Sea Fowl Guano

is the oldest brand sold in this State, and is fully up to standard.

During the season I shall keep constantly on hand full lines of

Bacon, Corn, Oats,
Sugar, Coffee, Molasses,
Tobacco, Flour, Soap,
Concentrated Lye, &c.

☞ All of which I offer for sale on reasonable terms.

E. F. MOORE.
jan 7-4m

EUREKA!

"THE DAISY."

ALL FARMERS IN NEED of a TURN PLOW will find it to their interest to examine "THE DAISY" at our Sample Rooms before purchasing elsewhere. Prices as low as any on the market, and satisfactory performance of work guaranteed or money refunded.

A. E. RANKIN & CO.
feb 18-4m

TOBACCO!

The Durham Bull Tobacco Fertilizer

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION!

It is excellent for plant beds, does not burn the young plant, and insures a quick and vigorous growth. There is none superior to the old reliable

"STAR BRAND"

SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE.

It gives the plant a quick growth and silky texture, and causes it to yellow finely on the hill.

☞ All for sale by

A. E. RANKIN & CO.
Feb. 18. 4m

AT THE UP-TOWN GROCERY OF

McNeill & Stout

FRESH GOODS ONLY ARE SOLD.

☞ Goods delivered promptly on the free delivery plan.

FRESH MEATS EVERY DAY.
apl 15 mar 11-1y

MERCHANT MILLS.

The Old Reliable Again to the Front!

IN STOCK and to arrive, all kinds of GRAIN. With a double set of Burrs I am able to turn out a large quantity of Meal per day and can thus offer special inducements to buyers of Ground Stuff.

Flouring Mill in first class order.

Feed Meal—corn, peas and oats—Cracked Corn and Oats, Bran, &c., a specialty.

Bolted Meal, same price as unbolted.

THE PLACE to get your Wool Carded or Cotton Ginned. JAS. D. McNEILL.
Fayetteville, May 28, 1885. 120-tf

FOUND:

A REMEDY THAT WILL CURE

CORNS,

OR MONEY REFUNDED.

☞ Give it a trial. Only 25 Cents per bottle.

At PEMBERTON & PRIOR'S
mch 25 tf NEW DRUG STORE.

Fayetteville Boot and Shoe House.

S. BEHRENDS,
Starr Building.

We would respectfully call the attention of the people of Fayetteville and vicinity to the above new enterprise started by S. BEHRENDS at the Starr building on Hay street, opposite site of burnt Fayetteville Hotel. Devoting themselves to this line exclusively and keeping one of the largest stocks of Boots and Shoes in this State, which stock was made especially for this trade after the latest and most fashionable styles, they will, with the aid of the public, demonstrate the fact that Fayetteville will support a first-class house for the sale of BOOTS and SHOES exclusively. apl 22-3m

A. GARRASON,

—DEALER IN—

HEAVY and FANCY GROCERIES,

General Family Supplies,

HAY STREET,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

aug 13 131-tf

FOUTZ'S

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

NO HORSE will die of COLIC, BOTS or LUNG FEVER, if FOUTZ'S Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent HOG CHOLERA.
Foutz's Powders will prevent GAPES IN FOWLS.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERY DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.
Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by
H. R. HORNE,
dec 24-1y Fayetteville, N C

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WALTER WATSON,

RAY'S CORNER, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Notice! Notice! Notice!

—TO—

Carpenters, Bricklayers, Mill Wrights, Blacksmiths, Plasterers, Stonemasons, and Turpentine Operators:

A FULL LINE OF THE VERY BEST

TOOLS

—CAN BE FOUND AT THE—

HARDWARE STORE

—OF—

WALTER WATSON,

Manufacturer of all kinds of

EDGE TOOLS,

GUNS, RIFLES, &C., &C.

—AGENT FOR—

Laflin & Rand's Celebrated ORANGE and other brands of

Sporting Powder.

☞ Orders filled direct from magazine.

—AGENT FOR—

Fairbanks Scales,

At Factory Prices.

A FULL STOCK OF

ENGLISH CAST STEEL,
PLOW IRON AND STEEL,
TIRE BAND AND SHEET IRON,
HORSE AND MULE SHOES,
HORSE SHOE NAILS,
CUT AND WROUGHT NAILS

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

I am still manufacturing

The Old-fashioned Wrought Plow.

☞ I am now to be found at Ray's corner, opposite my former store.
jan 21-tf WALTER WATSON.

CHAS. GLOVER'S HOTEL

(Formerly Proprietor of the Fayetteville Hotel.)

Is situated on corner of Hay and Railroad streets

IN A DELIGHTFULLY PLEASANT PORTION OF THE CITY,

and conveniently located for the traveling public.

The General Conduct of the House will be HOMELIKE

Lunches, Meals, Hot Coffee and Tea Served on Arrival of Each Train.

CHAS. GLOVER,
dec 3-tf Proprietor.

T. W. BROADFOOT & CO.

Successors to S. J. HINSDALE,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

PURE AND GENUINE

MEDICINES and CHEMICALS

PETROLEUM OIL AND LAMPS,

SPICES, FINE PERFUMERY,
TOOTH AND HAIR BRUSHES,
WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS,
OILS AND VARNISHES, SOAPS,
POTASH, STARCH, DYE STUFFS,
CHOICE GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.

We have just received a SECOND SUPPLY of

LANDRETH'S

New Crop Garden and Flower Seeds,

Always RELIABLE,

and are now ready to supply the demand with

Fertilizing Chemicals of all kinds.

feb 26-tf

A. MOORE.

Market Square and Green St.,

DEALER IN

Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars,

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

June 18, 1885. 123 tf

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Co.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE NO. 13.

To take effect at 5:00 A. M., Nov. 23, 1885.

TRAIN NORTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Bennettsville,		8:20 a. m.
Shoe Heel,	9:40 a. m.	9:50 a. m
Fayetteville,	12:00 m.	12:25 p. m
Sanford,	2:15 p. m.	2:25 p. m
Ore Hill,	3:43 p. m.	
Liberty,	4:37 p. m.	
Greensboro,	6:00 p. m.	

Dinner at Fayetteville.

TRAIN SOUTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Greensboro,		9:50 a. m.
Liberty,		11:05 a. m.
Ore Hill,		12:00 m.
Sanford,	1:20 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
Fayetteville,	3:50 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Shoe Heel,	6:05 p. m.	6:15 p. m.
Bennettsville,	7:30 p. m.	

Dinner at Sanford.

Freight and Passenger Train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 4:30 p. m. and Fayetteville at 8 p. m.

Leaves Fayetteville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a. m., Shoe Heel at 10 a. m. and arrives at Bennettsville at 12 m.

Freight and Passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville daily at 8 a. m., (connecting at Sanford with Freight and Passenger Trains to Raleigh), leaves Sanford at 11:30 a. m. and arrives at Greensboro at 5:40 p. m.

Leaves Greensboro daily at 5 a. m., leaves Sanford at 11:15 a. m. and arrives at Fayetteville at 2:40 p. m.

JNO. M. ROSE,
General Passenger Agent.
W. M. S. DUNN, General Superintendent.
nov 26-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S

New Crockery Store.

Just received at BROWN'S CROCKERY STORE a large shipment.

DIRECT FROM THE POTTERIES, OF

Fine China, Porcelain Ware, Ironstone Ware and full line of C. C. Ware.

Also large line in

ROCKINGHAM AND YELLOW GOODS.

They show some beautiful

Tea and Dinner Sets in French China, Plain and Decorated.

Their assortment of

Glassware, Tinware.
Wood and Willow Ware,
Housefurnishing Goods,
Shades and Fixtures, Cutlery, etc.,

Is large and handsome.

They have a line of 25 or more different styles and shapes in

Fine and Low-priced Chamber Sets.

Beautiful Assortment of TIN SETS.

In LAMPS

THEY ESPECIALLY EXCEL,

Both as to Variety, Beauty and Cheapness.

THE LITTLE WONDER REFLECTOR LAMP

Is the Admiration of the Age.

☞ In buying their Crockery and other goods J. D. BROWN & CO. have especially looked after the interests of COUNTRY MERCHANTS, and are prepared to give them BARGAINS. They invite the public generally to call and examine their stock.

J. D. BROWN & CO.,
apl 22 tf No. 8 Hay Street.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned wish to say that they have bought the entire stock and interest in the Jewelry business of Mr. J. M. Beasley, and will continue the same at the old stand. We have a good stock of

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Jewelry, &c.,

which we will offer at prices to suit the times. We are prepared with good ability to REPAIR your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. ENGRAVING a SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

FRANK BEASLEY,
ap 29-1m J. T. HOUSTON.

Administrator's Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of R. R. Robeson, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them on or before April 13, 1887; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

W. DOUG. SMITH, Admr.
of R. R. Robeson,
April 13, 1886. apl 15w

Executor's Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having qualified as Executor of the last will and testament of Philemon Holland, Jr., hereby gives general notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them on or before the 29th day of April, 1887. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Claims may be presented or payment made to my attorney, Thos. H. Sutton, Esq.

ALBERT B. POWELL,
Executor of Philemon Holland Jr.
April 7 1886. apr 8w

Executor's Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING QUALIFIED AS EXECUTOR of the last WILL and TESTAMENT of Effie and Margaret Stewart, hereby gives notice to all creditors having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before the 2nd day of April, 1887, or this notice will be plended in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned or his attorney.

NEILL R. McNEILL.
H. L. COOK, Attorney.
March 26, 1886. apl 1-6

Land Sale.

FOR PURPOSE OF DIVISION, under a decree of the Superior Court of Cumberland County, the undersigned will on Monday, the 26th day of April, 1886, at 12 o'clock M., at the Market House in Fayetteville, sell to the highest bidder the following valuable property belonging to the estate of the late Miss Marion L. Banks, deceased, viz:

Lot 1. The house and lot opposite the E. J. Hale place on Haymount, now occupied by Maj. A. J. O'Hanlon, adjoining the Roberts lot. This property embraces a good, comfortable, two-story residence, favorably located in a good neighborhood and overlooking Fayetteville—a convenient and desirable location for a family residence.

Lot 2. Adjoining the above and lying at the foot of Haymount, fronting on the "Boulevard," corner of Robinson street, just opposite the residence of Mrs. James McNeill—an elegant building lot 150 feet by 160 feet.

Terms one-third (1/3) Cash, balance on six months credit, notes bearing 8 per cent. interest from sale. To be retained until full payment of purchase money.

WM. A. GUTHRIE,
April 19, 1886. Commissioner.

Thrashing Machine

FOR SALE or TRADE.

Said machine is a WHEELER & MELLICK, large size, on truck. The undersigned will not have time to run it the coming season. Will sell for cash or note, or trade for a good, gentle CARRIAGE HORSE.

apl 22-tf WALTER WATSON.

DR. T. C. McSWAIN

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Fayetteville and adjacent country.

☞ Office, that formerly occupied by Dr. Bell, Robinson on Green street.
apl 22-tf

Buy an Organ or Piano

—FROM—

H. L. McDUFFIE, Agent,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Representing the Great Southern Music House of Ludden & Bates, Savannah, Ga.

$25 cash and $10 a month until paid for will buy a fine PIANO.
$10 cash and $5 monthly until paid for will buy a fine ORGAN.
ap 29-1m

Notice to all Whom it May Concern.

THE CAPE FEAR RIVER ABOVE FAYETTEVILLE will be closed to rafts, flats, boats, etc., from the 15th of May to the 1st day of July, 1886, on account of the false work for the bridge at the crossing of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.

F. GARDNER,
ap 29-4t Chief Engineer.

BURNED OUT!

But Ready for Business Again!

MY FRIENDS can find me opposite the Post-office. Roofing, Guttering, Roof Repairing and Painting done at short notice. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, and all kinds of Stoves repaired as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ 17 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
jan 21-tf A. E. BRAMBLE.

For Sale Cheap.

A GENTLEMAN LEAVING THIS SECTION desires to sell CHEAP his CARRIAGE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c. Address M. O.,
mar 11 tf Hope Mills, N. C.